McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLI. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DEC. 22, 1904. NO. 51

State Library Jul 1905

PROMINENT CITIZEN DIES SUDDENLY.

George R. Brownell Died of Heart Failure Friday Evening.

FUNERAL ON MONDAY AFTERNOON.

The Funeral Largely Attended—He Was a Member of the F. & A. M., O. E. S. and A. O. U. W. Fraternities.

George R. Brownell died suddenly at his rooms over Brownell Brothers' store at a few minutes after 10 o'clock Friday evening, Dec. 16, of heart failure, after being confined to his room only a few hours. He was aged 47 years, two months and eight days.

His death was a sad surprise to his many friends in Smethport and vicinity, for, although he had not been well for the past three months, his trouble was not considered serious until a few hours before the end came. Early in the fall he fell, injuring his shin and afterward blood poisoning set in which gave him considerable trouble and after that member had healed he did not get back to his usual health and on Thursday afternoon he had a sinking spell, but recovered and was down in the store part of the day Friday. About 5 o'clock that afternoon he was seized with a sinking spell and had another about 8 o'clock and the third about 10 o'clock which resulted in his death.

George R. Brownell was the oldest son of the late Hon. and Mrs. William S. Brownell and was born in Smethport on October 8th, 1857. He received his education in the Smethport schools and about 1880, with his brother, Fred. W., took charge of the store of their father, which vocation they have followed up to the present time. He was an honored member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, being made a Mason in 1890, and was Worshipful Master of this lodge in 1891. He was a charter member of the A. O. U. W. of this place and was also an active member of Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, Order of the Eastern Star.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. William F. Specht, and one brother, Fred W. Brownell, who deeply mourn the loss of a kind, affectionate and considerate brother, and who have the sincere sympathy of an unusually large circle of friends in their bereavement.

The deceased was not a member of any church but all during life he had been a faithful and regular attendant of the Methodist Episcopal church and he was a member and active worker in the Epworth League. He was an earnest supporter of this church and it is doubtful if the loss of any member would be more keenly felt by the pastor and congregation. In his remarks at the funeral Rev. Patterson said that he considered Mr. Brownell one of his very closest and truest friends and during his discourse his emotions were plainly noticeable.

The words of Rev. Patterson voiced the sentiments of the whole community for if the deceased had an acquaintance (and he had many) who was anything but a firm friend the writer does not know of it. He was always first to make the acquaintance of a stranger who came to Smethport and, if he was worthy George was ever ready to assist him in getting acquainted. He was generous and tender hearted almost to a fault and no worthy person (and many unworthy ones) was ever refused the necessities of life at the Brownell store whether they had money or not. To all public and creditable institutions his purse was always open. The little children, as well as the larger ones, all loved him. He was ever ready to soothe the little ones with kind words and sweetmeats and in assisting the older boys in financing athletic and other amusements. He was the soul of honor and honesty. In his business many articles are sold that are apparently first-class, but when it came to using them proved otherwise, but whenever a case of this kind came to his notice, the correction was cheerfully made. He was always true to his friends and everyone who knew him was his friend. He lived as closely to the Golden Rule as is possible for most men.

The funeral services were held at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon at the residence of his brother, F. W. Brownell, Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson of the M. E. church, assisted by Rev. J. Heber McCandless of St. Luke's church, officiating, and were largely attended. The services at the grave were conducted by the Masonic fraternity and nearly fifty brother Masons assisted in this sad duty. The pall bearers were Messrs. George W. Mitchell, W. H. Morrison, D. M. Cooper, J. E. Myers, A. S. Moorehouse and F. L. Sherburne, and H. W. Rubin, S. H. Cleveland, Willett S. Palmer and **Harry L. Backus acted as flower bearers. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. His remains were laid** at rest in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery.

The out of town relatives who attended his funeral were Mrs. Amanda Brown, Mrs. Emma Conden and Frank Brown of Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Schoonmaker, Mrs. A. E. Foster, E. D. Foster and Frank Foster of Bradford, Howard Melancon of Buffalo and Silas Moyer of St. Marys.

Farmers' Institute.

The Farmers' Institute opened its annual meeting in the court house at 1:30 yesterday afternoon with a fairly good attendance. Owing to the delayed trains the regular speakers did not arrive in time for the afternoon session and therefore the program was changed considerably.

The address of welcome was delivered by D. C. Young, as per program, and was responded to by L. W. Howden, in place of W. F. Hill, who was among the delayed. James Quirk gave a very interesting talk on Potato Culture and W. E. Dickeson gave an entertaining discourse on Strawberry Culture.

In the evening the program was more closely adhered to. The Question Box proved interesting and helpful. W. F. Hill spoke very entertainingly on Organization, the Present Power, and A Talk with Country Boys and Girls was pleasingly handled by W. L. Lightly who took this subject owing to the absence of Mrs. Mary A. Wallace.

The session was opened this morning with music, followed by the opening of the Question Box. Silo Experience and Practice was well handled by W. L. Lightly. Dr. I. A. Thayer gave an instructive discourse on Tile Drainage; Why and How, and W. F. Hill gave some additional hints on Potato Culture. Music was also cleverly rendered between most of these subjects and all who attended were highly pleased with the entertainment as well as receiving much valuable instruction.

Doctor Cluxton Suicides.

Dr. Frederick C. Cluxton, a well known physician of Bradford, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a 32-calibre revolver at his office on Main street between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock last Friday morning. He was discovered by John Shanley, an office attendant, upon his return to the office from an errand. The doctor was found unconscious, the blood flowing from his head, and he was hurried to the hospital, where he remained in a comatose state until 2 p. m., when he expired.

He was 58 years of age and was one of Bradford's prominent physicians. The only reason known for his rash act is that he had been suffering with nervous trouble and had been greatly depressed for a short time previous to his death. He is survived by a wife and four-year-old daughter, four sisters and three brothers.

Railroad Employe Loses Foot.

Fravino Antonio, an Italian employed on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern, met with a serious accident near Comes about noon last Saturday. In attempting to board the caboose of a work train he slipped and fell, the wheels passing over the leg at the ankle. Antonio was hurriedly brought to Smethport and Dr. Ostrander made the unfortunate man as comfortable as possible. In company with Dr. Burg Chadwick, the railroad physician, he was taken to Olean on the afternoon passenger and at the hospital there Dr. Chadwick and Dr. Knowles amputated the leg above the ankle. The Italian survived the shock of the operation and is doing as well as can be expected.

James McCready Meets Death.

James McCready, a flagman on the Pennsylvania railroad, met with an accident near Franklinville, N. Y., late Saturday night which resulted in his death at the Olean hospital a few hours later. He fell under the wheels of his train and both legs were crushed. He was taken to his home in Buffalo and Tuesday the remains were brought to Smethport where funeral services were held from St. Elizabeth's church and his remains laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery. Mr. McCready was a former resident of Clermont and was held in high esteem by his acquaintances, all of whom regret his untimely death.

Since the discovery of Parker's Lucky Curve Fountain Pen it is astonishing how many we sell for holiday gifts. Every one given a written guarantee. A whole show case full from the cheap to the finest made. Look at them in McCoy's Drug Store.

Ask any Boy
What he wants for Christmas and he will tell you a dollar watch, a pair of skates or an air gun like Holmes & Gilfillan keep.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 32x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of
JOHN BERQQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Diamonds
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

Baby push sleds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

New York, Dec. 5, 1876, midnight.—The Brooklyn Theatre is in flames and it is feared the entire block in which it is located, corner of Washington and Johnson streets, will be destroyed.

New York, Dec. 6, 1 a. m.—The fire in Brooklyn originated on the stage of the Brooklyn Theatre at 11:30 p. m., the gas setting fire to the woodwork when the company was about half through the last act of the "Two Orphans." The fire spread with lightning rapidity and burst out through the door on Washington street. The panic and confusion among the audience was terrible but so far as could be learned no lives were lost.

The theatre is totally burned, entailing a loss of about $250,000; also Ditter's restaurant. So far the postoffice, next door, does not appear to be injured. The fire is still burning, but is thought to be under control.

New York, Dec. 6, later.—The extent of the disaster in the Brooklyn Theatre becomes more appalling. A gentleman just from the interior of the burned building reports that sixty-five bodies have been removed, and that he saw a pile of twenty or thirty more as they fell through to the basement within the dress circle, burned beyond recognition. The loss of life will probably exceed one hundred.

LATEST.—240 BODIES FOUND.

New York, Dec. 6.—The latest intelligence from the Brooklyn fire states that so far 245 bodies have been recovered and that there are still others buried in the ruins.

The first message over the new telegraph line between Bradford and Titusville was sent from the Bradford Oil Exchange, Saturday, Nov. 25, 1876.

The cable and tools for the Haskill oil well are at last on the ground, and the drillers commenced work this morning. [Dec. 14, 1876.]

Mr. Oakes has retired from the editorship and management of the Bradford Era, and is succeeded by Mr. Chas. F. Persons. Mr. Oakes was a quiet, unassuming gentleman and a very industrious and conscientious editor, and much of the success of the Era is due to his labors. [Dec. 1876.]

Elk is the leather county of the State. Three of its extensive tanneries consume in the aggregate 40,000 cords of bark per annum and turn out 360,000 sides of sole leather. The tannery of Messrs. Shultz and Wilcox, one of the largest in the United States, gives employment to two hundred men. They have 595 double run vats, six bark mills and seventy dwelling houses for their employes. The tannery itself cost $2,000,000 and the buildings cover 20 acres of ground. [1876.]

Rev. Williams, a Catholic Priest, officiating in Warren and vicinity, was fatally burned in the Catholic parsonage in that borough Monday evening, Dec. 18, 1876, by the upsetting and explosion of a lamp as he was about to retire. He lived twenty-four hours after the accident.

Died.—On Knapp's Creek, Eldred township, on Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1876, of membraneous croup, Betty May, daughter of Mr. Jacob Failing, J. P., aged 3 years.

A. N. Lillibridge of Port Allegany, has peeled and sold to the tanning company of that place between 2200 and 2800 cords of bark during the past season. The bark was worth about $9,000. That's as good as an oil well. [Jan. 1877.]

Carl Bard, late active and efficient deputy sheriff, has himself at last been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He has the good fortune to be under charge of a kind and loving jailor who we hope will treat the boy tenderly. He was married on Jan. 2, 1877, to Miss Mina Dolley, only daughter of E. B. Dolley, Esq., of Port Allegany. The entire force of the MINER, editor and compositors, send greetings.

Another lucky boy, Delos G. Gallup, of this borough, was married on Jan. 10, 1877, at the residence of the bride's parents, to Miss Emma Rice, of Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y. Here's our hand "Spell" wishing yourself and family a long and happy sojourn among us.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on the 10th day of January, 1905, at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. E. BURDICK, Secy.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 22, 1905.

While Sleighing is With Us.
Don't forget that E. T. Daly has a first-class line of cutters and sleighs and a few of the celebrated Waterloo cutters which he will sell at reasonable prices. Also ten sets of Michigan lumber sleighs at $40 per set, cash.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

Cut Glass
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

Destructive Curs and Foxes.

During the year 1903, the Commissioners of McKean county paid out $900 to the farmers thereof in the settlement of damages resulting from the raids of worthless and destructive curs upon sheep-folds, and from the showing thus far during the present year the amount is likely to run $1,800, or twice as great.

To be sure, the moneys collected in taxes laid against the dogs of the county has proven sufficient to cover the cost, but the trouble is that the dogs for which taxes are paid are not, in the main, the dogs which destroy the sheep, which leaves the whole matter upon an unfair basis.

While the number of sheep in this county is much larger than anyone who has not looked the matter up would imagine, which is but another way of saying that, notwithstanding a lack of intelligent interest on the subject, this county is admirably adopted to the raising of sheep, and should, and would, become a center of the business if the proper encouragement was given. But, with the prospects of having flocks raided by dogs, which not only destroy a certain number, but what is worse, by frightening those which they do not kill, or apparently injure, leave them in a condition that forstals their development, and all possibility of profit to their owners. This is a point that the law does not cover, and no compensation is derivable for this damage.

What is wanted is an organization that will take up this and kindred subjects, and settle them in a practical manner. Less dogs and less foxes in the county would mean more sheep, more rabbits, and many more pheasants.

The question of a material reduction of foxes would be helped along by a bounty on scalps. But for some reason our court, in years gone by, declared the law unconstitutional, and our commissioners have since refrained from paying same, notwithstanding it is yet in force in adjoining counties.

Let the farmers, and sportsmen, who both believe in fewer worthless dogs, more sheep and game, get together and outline a policy that will result in a betterment of conditions.—Mt. Jewett Herald. To this list might be added wild cats, skunks, hawks and owls for the protection of our game.

Another Steamboat Disaster.

A Stamford dispatch of Saturday says: Long Island Sound early this morning witnessed a disaster, while not equal to the General Slocum disaster in loss of life, had many of its harrowing attendant circumstances.

The Starin line steamer, Glen Island, was burned to the water's edge at Greenwich, Conn.

Two passengers and eleven members of the crew perished in the flames.

The steamer left New York at 9 o'clock last night, bound for New Haven, carrying ten passengers and a crew of 21 and a heavy complement of freight. All went well until early this morning, when three miles off Greenwich the dread cry of "fire" was heard from the engine room. An indescribable panic immediately followed. Lights went out and passengers and crews groped their way in the darkness, made more intense by the great volume of smoke.

Life boats were secured and many lives saved by this means. The boats were finally lowered with eight passengers and fourteen of the crew aboard. Hardly had the small boats touched the water when a roar, like an explosion of an oil tank occurred and flames swept the entire deck and enveloped those left behind. All these perished in the flames or drowned.

Assistance came from several directions. Those in the lifeboats were picked up and cared for. The rescued were transferred to the steamer Erastus Corning and taken to New York.

In a short time, nothing but the charred hull of the Glen Island remained, the black funeral pyre of eleven souls.

"It is to Laugh."

Culhane, Chace & Weston's Big City Minstrels is essentially a laughing show, while there is much to please the eye and ear. The idea to produce laughter is the first thought of the management. For that purpose such well known laugh producers as Billie Chace, Jimmie Graham, Ed. Elliot and Bobby DeRue have been retained with this attraction for over three years. They are laugh producers; as end men and comedians they have no superiors. See them, hear them, and have laugh after laugh with them at the Lyceum, Saturday Evening, Dec. 24th. Notwithstanding the great expense attached to this company, popular prices will prevail. See the big band parade at noon through the principle streets. Band concert at 7:30 p. m. in front of theatre.

A Happy Thought.
I'll buy him a Gillette Safety Razor. Just the proper thing. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

Double runner skates for the little ones. Holmes & Gilfillan.

THE CHURCHES TO OBSERVE CHRISTMAS.

All Denominations are Preparing for Its Proper Observance.

EXCELLENT MUSIC TO BE RENDERED.

The Joyous Christmas Season is to be One of Gladness in Smethport. Outline of Different Services.

AT ST. LUKE'S.

The Christmas Eve service will be at 6:30 o'clock on Saturday, Dec. 24th, at which service the children will sing their carols. After the service there will be the usual tree and gifts for the Sunday school in the parish house. On Christmas Day, Sunday, there will be the celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m., at which time all who can attend will make their Christmas communion. Matins will be at 10 o'clock. There will be a second celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 10:30. Evensong at 7:30 o'clock. The offerings at the 8 and the 10:30 a. m. services will be for parish assessments, missions, charities and clergy relief fund. The following is the service list of music:

Communion Service 10:30 a. m.
Hymn 49, "Adeste Fideles."
Introit, "Magnificat," Plain Song.
Kyrie, Cruickshank in E flat.
Sequence, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."
Credo, Cruickshank.
Offertorium, "God From On High Hath Heard," Custance.
Sanctus, Cruickshank.
Benedictus, Cruickshank.
Agnus Dei, Cruickshank.
Gloria in Excelsis, Cruickshank.
Hymn 540, "Once in Royal David's City."

Evensong:
Processional Hymn "Adeste Fideles."
Magnificat, Custance.
Nunc Dimitis, Custance.
Hymn 320.
Anthem, "Nazareth," Gounod.
Hymn 540.

AT ST. ELIZABETH'S.

Christmas services will begin at St. Elizabeth's church at 6:30 a. m. on Sunday, when the first mass will be held. The second follows immediately after the first and the last mass will be at 10:30 a. m. The music will consist of Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei from Lambillotte's Paschal Mass, and the selection for the offertory will be "Adeste Fideles." Confessions will be heard Saturday afternoon and evening. The Christmas tree for the children will be at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

AT THE M. E.

The annual Christmas treat of the Methodist Sunday school will consist of a supper at six o'clock Saturday evening, together with presents by the teachers to the members of their classes. A Christmas service, "From Pearly Gates," will be rendered by the Sunday school at 7:00 p. m. in the church.

On Sunday the girl choir and boy choir will unite with the senior choir, making about fifty voices to render Christmas music at both morning and evening services. Part songs, carols, anthems, duets, solos and sermons will be an exaltation of the Christ. The morning topic is "God's Revelation of Himself in Christ," the evening topic being "God's Revelation of Himself To-day."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 17, 1904:

George H. Goodman, Geo. Kriegle, C. H. Kendall, C. H. Komp, Mrs. Alice Lyon, Miss Alice Olson, Miss Freda Spanglar.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Wanted

A number of good work teams to draw chemical wood for the Hazelton Estate. Sleighs furnished if wanted. Current prices paid. Inquire of
H. E. Linquist,
Hazelton Farm, Marvindale, Pa.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

Our line of jardiniers, pedestals and umbrella holders suggest an idea of a useful Christmas present. Holmes & Gilfillan.

American Watches
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

Solid Silver
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

A Big Attraction.

Culhane, Chace & Weston's Big City Minstrels will be the attraction at the Lyceum, Saturday evening, Dec. 24th, presenting for the first time in this city their up-to-date programme of all that is new and original in modern minstrelsy. This company is headed by Billie Chace, one of the best liked comedians in the minstrel profession and he is surrounded by a congress of 25 minstrel stars. This organization carries all their magnificent scenic effect. The first part, a scenic set entitled "Beau Brummel's Social Reception," disclosing the entire company ranged tier above tier in semi-circles, the costuming of same being of the Louis XIV style. The olio containing eight original and high class vaudeville acts, is pronounced by competent judges to be the best ever carried by a minstrel company. A solo orchestra of 12 musicians is a feature. See the big street parade daily at noon. Band concert in front of the theatre at 7.30 p. m. Notwithstanding the great expense of this company popular prices will prevail.

Claims the Smallest Baby.

California lays claim to possessing the smallest baby in Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewellyn are the parents of the midget, weighing 15 ounces, which arrived at their home on Friday afternoon. For a few days its life was despaired of, but doctors now say that it will live.

The Lewellyn home is the mecca of the town and county people for miles around, who came to see the diminutive infant. Its head is about the size of a small orange, and the five fingers of one hand can easily be inserted in a thimble.

The babe is clothed in doll dresses from an older sister's dollie's wardrobe, and is pinned to a pillow to keep it from falling over. Three other children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewellyn, none of them, however, exceeding this one in prettiness and health development, although exceeding it in weight by many pounds.—Belle Vernon Enterprise.

Trying to Get Together.

A special train over the B., B. & K. railway yesterday brought a number of prominent railroad officials to Kane, who came at the request of Messrs. Goodyear to inspect that section of road owned by E. K. Kane between Mt. Jewett and Ormsby junction and that owned by the B. & O. between Mt. Jewett and Kane. The party took dinner at the New Fleming after which they made an appointment with Mrs. E. K. Kane by telephone and went back to Mt. Jewett, where a two hours' conference was held, the results of which could not be learned. It is evident that the Goodyears are endeavoring to make some satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Kane whereby they can continue operating the road.—Kane Republican.

Oh, Remember Me.

While remembering your friends at Christmas time do not forget the editor. Nothing would more happily surprise him, upon going to the postoffice the day after Christmas, than to find anywhere from 99 to 298 letters from subscribers containing the amount due on subscription. To all who observe the birthday of our Saviour in this manner we will reciprocate before the New Year. It is easy to tell by the label of your paper just what you owe the editor. If your label should read "1aug02" you owe two years and five months, which at $1.25 per year would be $3.00, or if on the label you find "1jan04" you owe $1.25. Try figuring it out for yourself, and when you have done so send your answer to the editor to see if it is correct.

With special pages devoted to cattle, sheep, horses, swine, farm machinery, poultry, horticulture, dairy, young people, farmers' wives, science and mechanics, short stories, good roads, two pages of the most reliable market reports of the day, a page of up-to-date short news items of the nation and world, The New-York Tribune Farmer is the most thoroughly comprehensive, interesting and valuable agricultural family weekly in the United States, and fully worth the regular subscription price, $1.00 per year.

We have made a special contract which enables us to offer it with the MINER at an exceedingly attractive price; both papers for a full year for only $1.25.

It is a great bargain. Don't miss it. Send your order and money to the MINER, Smethport, Pa.

Electric Flash Lights—just what you have been wishing for. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Electric Bronzes.
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Dressed pig pork, weighing from 100 to 175 pounds, for family use. Inquire of D. C. Young.

Fancy Umbrellas
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth has added a nice assortment of jewelry to his elegant line of Xmas goods.

Fancy Combs
PRILL
Bradford, Pa.

HER GREAT CATCH

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"You can stay for the preacher if you like. I'm going fishing," Alicia said, stabbing the spring air viciously with her rod.

It was a long reed, cut from the canebrakes down on the river, innocent of reel and equipped with a homemade line, a cork float and bullet sinkers above the cheap hook. Her frock, a clean but faded calico, was short enough to show stout leather shoes, with a glimpse of home knit stockings above. But none of these things dimmed sparkling eyes or paled the wild rose flush in delicately molded cheeks. Alicia was a beauty quite independent of clothes. Her dearest friends admitted it. Susan Kites, to whom she had spoken, was pretty in a way, but largely by the help of artifice.

Susan was also pious. Just the girl for a preacher's wife, all Brush Creek neighborhood declared; hence when it was known that the new Methodist minister was a bachelor and something of a beau the amen corner sisters all agreed that it was a clear case of providential interference. Susan herself shared their opinion, albeit she was too wise to say so. She had come the day before to spend a week with Alicia, although the Blair homestead was but three miles from her father's farm.

Madam Blair, Alicia's grandmother and guardian, was the leading spirit in Methodism thereabout. As such she had sent word to the Rev. Paul Redford to make her house his home until he could suit himself better.

The invitation made gossip, of course. Madam was a keen one. She meant to marry off that mighty Alicia. The new preacher would be sacrificed to her before he fairly knew it. Didn't somebody say he had been to college and was, moreover, pretty well off? Madam Blair had an eye to the main chance, the same as the ungodly. She had broken up the affair between Alicia and that scatter brained young Clarkson with a mighty high hand. Clarkson was poor and likely to stay so. But, then, Alicia would have plenty for two.

"BETTER NOT," A MAN'S VOICE SAID A LITTLE WAY OFF.

Usually new ministers came in the fall. Paul Redmond was a "supply," taking the place of the regular itinerant, who had fallen ill. The makeshift parsonage had been rented out, and the supply minister might have boarded around all over the circuit but for Madam Blair. Alicia was angered by her grandmother's interference.

She had not been very much in love with Billy Clarkson until Grandmother Blair had come between them. She was not in love with the real Billy even now, but cherished passionately an ideal she called by Billy's name. Naturally she resented Redmond and all his works. Quite as naturally she had inveigled the coy yet willing Susan into this long visit, with a set purpose of flinging the pair at each other's head—and if possible compassing an engagement before a fortnight passed.

"I don't think it looks respectful—to the gospel nor—nor anything," Susan said primly, sitting down upon the upper step of the porch. Alicia laughed—so grimly it showed she was a Blair all through. "Then you stay here and be respectful—to the gospel—for both of us," she said with her chin high, whistling the next minute to Flossy, her pet shepherd dog, and swinging down the path to the back gate.

The creek was less than half a mile away, with Blair fields on either side of it. Alicia knew all the bends and ripples of it and loved them as well as she knew them. She meant to fish first the Blue hole, which lay just inside the upper water gate, going thence downstream and ending at the lower gate so as to go home by the big road.

Only a blind track ran past the upper gate. Stragglers never found it out, not even the most inveterate fishermen, who might be lured by this exceptional morning, with water in just the right stage. Something in the day made Alicia want to sing. She did not do it, being firmly of opinion that fish have ears and are mighty wary of human sounds. And today she was bent on catching the patriarch of the pool, a big trout, known to inhabit it these three years or more, which quite disdained to notice the most artistic flies of the gentlemen sportsmen or their liveliest minnows. His special haunt was beneath the roots of the big bending sycamore which leaned far out over the stream. Without a tremor she climbed into the tree's low crotch by a pathway of loosely laid rails, established herself as comfortably as possible and dropped her hook right in front of the big fellow's nose.

She could not see him—the water was just delicately turbid from rains two days back—but she felt him nibble a bit, then saw the water swirl as with an upward rush. Presently she saw him leap half out of the water ten yards away. She drew in her hook, to find half the bait bitten off, and as she put on fresh worms she said, with a smiling nod: "Old man, Sukey ought to have come along. She could have got points on how to hook and land the preacher."

She was too intent on sport to hear a little stifled laugh. Indeed, she had no consciousness of anything just then but the matter in hand. She had cast a little way from where the trout broke. For perhaps two minutes the float lay aggravatingly expressionless, simply drifting a bit in the eddy of the pool; then it went under with a rush, to come up two yards away and go down again almost instantly. The trout, bold from long impunity, had swallowed the hook.

Alicia did not try to haul him in at once. Instead she let him play up stream and down, taking in the slack with bare hands and letting it go back with a rush that must have bewildered her captive. After a ten minutes' fight she hauled in her quarry, two pounds of gleaming silver, and, holding him fast, made to scramble down to the bank.

Dismay smote her as she turned about. The rails had slipped down. She was fairly entrapped. The tree crotch overhung the water, which was, she knew, well over her head. Although she could swim a little, she did not like to risk a plunge. Yet there seemed no alternative. The landward side of the big trunk was not to be reached from where she sat. She made an impatient little swing of her catch, saying: "There, you'll get back in the water after all and take me with you. I think I'll tie you to me and make you swim out."

"Better not," a man's voice said a little way off. "I don't believe he would swim out. He'd rather keep you down at the bottom."

"Then come and take me down," Alicia said disdainfully, angry beyond words that anything masculine could thus calmly contemplate her plight instead of flying to the rescue. She heard long, firm steps approaching. By craning her neck severely she saw a man, young, handsome, well set up, evidently an athlete, and fashionably dressed. "So you are Alicia Blair, my hostess in part."

"And how came you here when you are looked for at the house?" Alicia demanded severely.

Paul Redmond laughed. "Because I had rather be here," he retorted. "My traps have gone on houseward to announce me, but I heard so much of that 'tomboy granddaughter' on the way from town, when my guide, Deacon Estis, who fetched me by the short cut to show me—well, several things—said that she is, right now, a-feeshin', I simply had to come and see for myself."

"How long since?" Alicia asked, her face scarlet. Redmond laughed again. "The point is immaterial," he said. "Just now the burning question is, 'How shall I get down?'"

"Then do as I say. Put up the rails and go away," Alicia said.

Redmond shook his head. "I can't trust you. The rails might slip," he said. "I know a better way, but first fling me your fish."

Obediently Alicia swung him her gasping prize. He at once slipped a limber pronged twig through its gills and anchored it comfortably in the stream, saying: "Let the example bear fruit, Miss Alicia. Don't give any of your later captives needless agony."

"You don't seem to care about me. I'm very uncomfortable," Alicia said with spirit. "If you won't put up the rails, at least go away. The water is deep—still"—

"You are not going into it," Redmond said quickly, stepping upon the leaning trunk and clinging fast to it with one arm. He held the other out toward her, saying with a twinkle: "One, two, three! Here we go! Jump! I'll catch you right as a trivet."

"I won't jump," Alicia said with her grandest air.

Redmond looked at her severely. "You will jump," he repeated, "and right straight off! It's going to rain like fun in about twenty minutes, and unless you take me to the house I shall get very wet."

"I think you are despicable," Alicia pouted. But as he looked at her, smiling more roguishly than ever, she gave a spring, was caught and swung safe to the bank. There Redmond said to her, her eyes fairly dancing: "I don't know Sukey, but really she should have come along. She would certainly have got points on—landing a minister."

Which proved to be prophetic. Six months later Alicia Blair was Alicia Redmond, and not only resigned to the change, but happy over it.

Lost His Head.

One of Philadelphia's well known literary men has just come back from England. He is looking very well, and one of his friends complimented him on it. "You're getting fat, old man. Never saw you looking better."

"Well, no. Fact is, I'm really thinner. I've lost fourteen pounds."

"H'm! Yes? What did you lose it on—the Derby?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Willing to Linger.

Longevity is ever a subject of absorbing interest. The desire to live is the common inheritance of the race. A desire to die does not spring from a sound mind in a sound body. A priest, having administered the last rites of the church to a dying Irishman, asked if he were not now ready to depart. The sick man replied, "Sure, father, I would rather stay where I am best acquainted." So say we all of us.—Kansas City Independent.

Too Easy.

"De man dat goes through de world findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "has picked out sech an easy job for hisse'f dat he can't expect much appreciation."—Washington Star.

THE ROSE AND THE SOUL

THE IMPOTENCE OF THE BLOSSOM, THE POWER OF THE MAN.

A Discussion of the Immortality of the Soul—Science Shows Us Change Without Destruction, Ceaseless Transformation and No Annihilation.

In responding to an argument for the immortality of the soul presented in "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," Mr. W. H. Mallock, the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" says:

> Science, he [the author of "Balance"] says, shows us that the individual life must be immortal, because science shows us that nothing which exists can be destroyed. That nothing can be destroyed is in one sense perfectly true, but in another it is equally false. If science shows us that in one sense nothing is destroyed, it shows us also that in another sense nothing endures. The material of the rose is indestructible, but the same rose never blossoms twice. Mr. Smith's argument can apply to the soul only on the assumption that the soul is a noncomposite unity. His assumption may be true, but it has no foundation in science.

To this the author of "Balance" responds:

I hold that the theory of the indestructibility of matter and force sustains, but I do not claim that it proves, separately and alone, the immortality of the soul. The theory of universal conservation forms one link in a chain of evidence which appears to me to be conclusive. I cannot agree with Mr. Mallock in his statement, "If science shows us that in one sense nothing is destroyed, it shows us also that in another sense nothing endures." Science shows us ceaseless transformation and no annihilation. Matter, which is senseless, appears constantly in new forms—in a leaf, a rose, an animal. There is also a thing which is not senseless, whether it be destructible or indestructible, let us call it the soul. Is it also subject to transformation? Yes; it is constantly changing, growing wiser or duller, stronger or weaker, better or worse. Under our observation it survives these changes. It may descend and yet ascend again, and again descend. It may suffer a thousand defeats, and yet triumph over all. One soul may dominate millions of other souls; it has the power to produce roses and fruits and mechanisms and music, to harness the forces and to explore the secrets of nature. It is a wonderful thing, this soul.

Turning to Mr. Mallock's rose. Has it the power of self recuperation? Weakening, may it regain its strength? May it grow better or worse through its own powers or consent? Has it any dominion over other roses or over the forces of nature? No; the rose, we judge, is nonconscious, senseless, with no powers of self preservation, self help, self advancement, self assertion.

There are other distinctions between the rose and the soul. The rose develops well only under favorable conditions. In good soil, well protected, with so much of heat and moisture, it ascends in a degree to [illegible] its maximum [illegible] conditions. [illegible] If its [illegible] or stalk be mutilated the rose will be injured or destroyed. The soul's body, on the other hand, may be mutilated, its legs and arms may be amputated, without any mutilation of the soul. The strength of the soul does not depend upon the strength of the physical body with which it is for the time associated. Strong bodies often contain weak souls. Science has discovered no definite relation between the perfection of the physical body and the perfection of the soul, between digestion and intelligence or between muscles and morals. No bread or meat, no system of diet or physical culture, has been found that will make a fool wise or a rascal honest. The culture of the soul is within the soul. It thrives upon knowledge and high ideals; ignorance and vice degrade it. No force external to it can withhold the soul's food. The supply of good and evil, of things uplifting and things degrading, is inexhaustible and subject to the demand of the soul. The soul pays in its own coinage for its own food.

The materialists hold that man is wholly physical; that the soul is a product of and necessarily inseparable from the physical body. If this contention be sound there should be shown the same reactions between the body and soul that exist between the rose plant and the rose—it should be shown that healthy bodies are invariably essential to healthy souls; that strong bodies produce strong souls and weak bodies weak souls; that an injury to the body produces a corresponding injury to the soul. If such reactions, complete to the minutest degree, cannot be shown between the soul and the body, if the soul does not necessarily sicken with the body's sickness or decay with the body's decay, why should we assume that the soul must die with the body's death?

These unvarying reactions between the body and the soul cannot be shown. They do not exist. To the contrary experience shows that the soul is as completely independent of the body here and now as is possible in view of the present relations between the two. As an imprisonment, even if it be for a lifetime, does not impeach the ability of the prisoner to exist apart from his cell or to walk forth if its walls should decay, so the present close relation between the soul and the body does not impeach the ability of the soul to exist apart from the body or to survive the decay of the body.

The soul is confined at present in one sense to the body, and yet in a larger sense it is free from the body. The poorest laborer, living under forlorn conditions, may rise and separate himself from his body, even as his body works on digging in a trench; he may relive in his happier days, visit far lands and scenes, recall the dead woman whom he loved, rebuild the social system which crushes him, revel in the contemplation of that grand future in which there shall be no vile tenements begetting disease, no herding begetting vice, no poverty save as the result of one's own incapacity, or he may as he digs on give to himself great wealth, surround himself with fawning flunkies, be hail fellow among princes, have all that his heart desires.

We assume that our souls are in our bodies, but they are seldom there. I am here at this desk, and in a flash I am elsewhere—back among the friends of my youth, in the fertile valley where I was born; I revisit scenes of happiness and again scenes of strife and fury; I gaze upon great plains and lofty mountains, and I see again the face of Lincoln; I look into the future, and I see it as I would have it; that future is mine completely; no one disputes its possession with me; I rebuild in it at my ease and leisure as I will; I hear in the silence, and I see in the dark; I peer even into the great mysteries; I see my body carried decorously to its grave; I have no horror of that grave, no fear that I shall be confined in it, no uneasiness, no doubt. So each soul roves at will, seeking its own, appropriating its own, enjoying its own. The soul is separable from the body here. Its larger and broader life here is apart from the body.

We follow the decay of the rose; we observe its absorption in other matter. And we may follow also the ashes of the physical body. But, if death ends all, where shall we find the ashes of the soul? Here was a marvelous thing that could rove at will, with potentialities almost divine. If it be not annihilated, into what has it been transformed? The materialist denies the persistence of the soul because he cannot follow it. Can he follow its residuum? Can he trace its transformation? If he cannot find its ashes, then he must assume that it is annihilated, that there is one exception to the theory of conservation—one thing that is annihilated, the one thing being that compared with which all other things are of no consequence—the soul.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

A Story of George Dewey and the Old Kearsarge In 1886.

Once when Admiral Dewey was executive officer of the old Kearsarge in 1886 fifty sailors mutinied and went below to the gun deck, where they huddled together in the dark, ready to blow up the corvet, if necessary. Summoning the ship's writer, who had charge of the watch muster, and arming himself with twelve pistols (they were of rather ancient pattern), Dewey, it is related, started for them. The ship's writer carried a lantern and the roll. Reaching the mutineers, the destined hero of Manila Bay, facing them with a cocked pistol in each hand and the other ten tucked away in the breast of his coat, said, "Call the roll!"

The first name happened to be John Jones. Through sheer force of habit he answered, "Here!" Aiming his pistol at Jones, who stood in the rear of the crew, Dewey said, "John Jones, I see you. I am going to have your name called once more, and if you do not answer and immediately go up on deck you are a dead man. Call the roll!"

"John Jones!" rang out the voice of the ship's writer. No answer. Dewey fired. The bullet meant for John Jones went through the heart of the man standing beside him. Almost before his dead body struck the deck Dewey, recocking his weapon, said, "Now, men, the roll will be continued. As each man's name is called he will answer and go up on deck. Call the roll!"

"George Smith!" "Here!" answered Smith, putting his hand to his fore top. And as the muzzle of Dewey's pistol frowned uncompromisingly upon him he stepped out from the ranks of his fellows and disappeared through the fore hatch. One by one the remaining forty-eight followed suit.

Terrors of the Awful Pause.

We usually talk about the weather when there isn't anything else to talk about. This fact may tend to rob the subject of its importance, yet it should not. In fact, it ought to be greatly in its favor, as it is ever ready and efficient in breaking the "awful pause." Have you ever been overtaken by the awful pause? Fortunate, indeed, if you have not and entitled to heartiest sympathy if you have. It is truly awful, especially if courtesy demands that you should break it. It settles upon the best regulated companies like a nightmare and seems to paralyze the tongue and put thought to flight. No one can think of anything to say or fears to attempt to say it. Then, if ever, a fool is welcome because he doesn't think before he speaks.

Breeding of Gentlewomen.

In England every foot of arable ground has been turned over and over through a thousand years of husbandry. Everything bears the mark of man's zealous improvement, and the girls are no exception to the rule. They of the upper class—that is to say, those of the landed gentry—show the effect of cultivation, just as blood horses and Devon cows show it. The clear skins, the bright eyes and clear cut features and shapely limbs show breeding long and careful, and the conventional ideas, the narrow range of thought, the value of precedent and the importance of precedence all show breeding too.—Beautiful Women.

A Little In Doubt.

A district visitor once went to see an old Scotchwoman who was dying. Noticing that her talk was all about herself and the minister, he said:

"Well, really, Jeannie, I believe you think there will be nobody in heaven but yourself and the minister."

"Ah, weel," said the old woman, "an' I'm no' sae sure aboot the minister!"—London Telegraph.

Well Posted.

The Boss—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position. You don't know anything about my business. The Applicant—Don't I, though? I keep company with your typewriter.—Chicago Journal.

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

Trivial Conditions That Have Led Up to Self Destruction.

It is a strange fact that nearly all great men have a tinge of melancholy in their blood and are subject at times to periods of great depression. Napoleon at the beginning of his career was in great financial distress and was prevented from drowning himself only by the timely pecuniary aid of a schoolmate. Bismarck is said to have declared after the battle of Sadowa that he would have killed himself had the Prussians been beaten, and Byron while writing "Childe Harold" declared he would have blown his brains out but for the reflection that it would give pleasure to his mother-in-law.

The reasons for self destruction are often very curious. Men have frequently been known to put an end to their lives to escape toothache or other pains, while the dread of disease has been known to affect the mind to such an extent that the victim has destroyed himself rather than face it. Weariness of money and good things to eat have been the cause of suicide. One man drowned himself in the Seine because of the color of his hair, which was flaxen, and another shot himself because his clothes did not fit him. A girl threw herself into the Danube because her companions laughed at her corpulence, and a Frenchman took poison to spite his mother-in-law because she insisted upon living with him.

RESTAURANTS.

They Came Into Being With the First French Revolution.

The restaurant is of comparatively modern origin. The first French revolution, at the close of the eighteenth century, witnessed its birth. Prior to that time the best cooks were in the employ of the nobility, whose ruin threatened them with equal disaster. A happy inspiration, however, led them to open places of public entertainment, which leaped at once into immense popular favor, inasmuch as previously, while the French people were endowed with the instincts of delicate cookery, they were unable to gratify their tastes through the absence of resorts available for the purpose.

The proprietors of many of these establishments quickly acquired a widespread fame and large wealth. Coincident with the birth of the restaurant in France, an immense impulse was given to the publication of popular treatises on the art of cookery composed by the most famous cooks. These were rapidly disseminated among the people, who, gifted with a natural genius for gastronomy, promptly availed of the new sources of knowledge to perfect themselves in an art of which they have become the foremost exponents of the world. Among these publications was the "Almanach des Gourmands," established in 1801, one of the classics of culinary learning.

INSECT MORAL QUALITIES.

Ants and Bees Display an Extraordinary Sense of Duty.

There are insects, mostly parasitic, which, like some men, only desire to eat and sleep, but among the social insects, such as ants and bees, there is a high development of moral qualities which [illegible] goes the length of applying the term "civil life" to distinguish them from mere instinct.

This patriotism is obviously a virtue among ants, for if an ant hill is disturbed, the inmates never attempt to escape from danger, but apply themselves immediately to rescue the lives and property of the community as a whole. Respect for law and order is also very strongly marked in some communities of ants, which include soldiers and workers, peasants and artisans, governors and slaves.

Bees have an extraordinary sense of duty. Huber noted relays of them supporting a fragment of comb which threatened to fall without one single bee flinching or leaving its post until relieved by another. Loyalty to the queen is another distinct moral quality.

The Mountain Monarch.

Unlike the Jungfrau, the Righi or other European mountains, including Vesuvius, which have been conquered by the modern engineers and now wear the harness of a railway to or near their summits, Mont Blanc is an absolute monarch, and no mortal may set the limit of its reign. The Goths and Vandals of old, the armies, the tourists of today or tomorrow may pour down through the Alpine defiles, but Mont Blanc through all such changes is monarch still, its snow capped peaks rising far above all else and the avalanches down its sides, more to be feared than any of its other dangers, defying the skill and courage of many a climber.—S. E. Hilles in Harper's Weekly.

Just What Education Is.

In a composition upon "Education" a boy once wrote, "Education is going to school, which is being marked every day and examined on paper and then promoted, and if you are a girl you graduate and have flowers, but if you are a boy you don't have flowers; you only go to college." A somewhat unique, deplorable, but comprehensive definition.

His Interpretation.

Little Amzi (who has an inquiring mind)—Uncle Tim, I saw the word in the newspaper. What is the "curriculum" of a college? Uncle Timrod (promptly)—Curriculum, eh? Why, that's what them ere mop headed college students comb their hair with.—Exchange.

A Visionary.

Renfield—So you think he is trying to accomplish too much in literature? Merritt—Yes; he is trying to make a living in it.—Town Topics.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

A GRATEFUL MAN.
What a N. Y. Central R. R. Engineer Says About Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent.
Kidney disease is very common among railroad men. Nearly all engineers are troubled with pain in the back, this being one of the results from the constant jar of the engine. Mr. G. M. Geotchins, of Matteawan, N.Y., says: "I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent to anyone troubled with their Kidneys and Liver. I have used it with great results. Many of my relatives and engineer friends tell me that nothing else gives them as much benefit as this wonderful medicine." All druggists, $1.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45 000.00.
AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.
ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.
OFFICERS:
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.
DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY. Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly lark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo, for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
Write or come to us at
523 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & Co.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened [illegible] the building [illegible] known as the Mullin [illegible] at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A woman worn-out, who never has to lift a hand for herself, who does not know the meaning of the word "worry"! How can it be possible? That it is possible is proved by the experience of many a woman who, because of sleeplessness, nervousness, backache and other womanly ills, becomes an utter physical wreck.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives new life and new strength to weak, worn-out, run-down women. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

[illegible]

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

THE BIG STORE

Has the best stock of goods to select your Holiday Presents from, such as

Rich Cut Glass
Beautiful Hand Decorated Japanese Ware
Fine Imported Chinaware
Bric-a-Brac Glassware

Also Boys' and Girls' Skates and Sleds, Air Rifles, Pocket Knives, Carving Sets, Shears and Scissors.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 22, [illegible]

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—It is reported that oil has been found near Hornellsville, N. Y.

—A new advertisement for J. Colegrove appears in another column.

—Mrs. John E. Costello, who was tried in Buffalo last week for shooting her husband with intent to kill, was acquitted.

—A derrick is being erected on the Trotton lot, [illegible] Brook, for well No. 2, which will be drilled by the Ormsby Gas Co.

—A new Christmas advertisement for The Lindholm Co. appears in this issue, which tells of many useful gifts for men and women.

—Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for a dance at Turtle Point Friday night, Dec. 23, and for another dance there on Tuesday, Dec. 27.

—Mrs. L. C. Brown held a recital for her class last Saturday afternoon. There were 21 numbers on the program and all were well rendered by the young musicians.

—Bell Brothers, Olean, have a new Holiday advertisement in this issue which will interest the shoppers. Be sure to read it if you have [illegible] your [illegible].

—Saturday Dr. W. J. McKinnie, assisted by Dr. Knight of Coudersport, performed an operation on Miss Anna Mullin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mullin of Turtle Point, for appendicitis. The young lady is improving rapidly.—Port Allegany Argus.

—There are quite a number of subscribers to whom we recently sent statements who have mislaid the statements and neglected to remit. If you can't find the statement the date on the pink tag will tell how much you are in arrears. We desire to have subscription accounts that are one year or more in arrears squared up, if possible, by the last day of this month.

—At Indiana, Pa., last week a citizen was fined $10 for a violation of the postal laws in mailing a letter inside a number of newspapers mailed at third class rate. This practice and habit of writing a few words on margins of newspapers or inside bundles of merchandise is becoming so frequent that postmasters are instructed to examine packages and report violations to the department.

—The school board of Wilmore township has been having trouble with boys breaking the windows in the school house. They determined to break up the practice if possible, and yesterday they succeeded in getting three young boys of Kane and they were made to settle. It cost them $21 all told. A rather expensive piece of fun.—Kane Republican.

—A Pottsville, Pa., dispatch, dated Dec. 19, says: Falling 400 feet down a mine breach, Harriet Jones, 10 years old, landed on a bed of snow and escaped without a single injury, not even a scratch. The girl, who is a daughter of Edwin Jones of Heckscherville, was in the rear of her home gathering holly for Christmas decorations when she slipped at the mouth of the mine opening.

—Daniel P. Roberts, a foreman for the [illegible] City tannery at Tionesta, was shot and fatally wounded Monday afternoon by Albert Wetherbee. Four shots were fired, two striking Roberts and a third lodging in the throat of Edward Fitch. Fitch will recover. The shooting followed a quarrel in which Wetherbee was knocked down. He is in jail, pending the result of Roberts' injuries.

—Lew Allen and Lynn Hooper were injured while at work in the Clark shop about nine o'clock Monday morning, one within a few minutes of the other. An accident to Allen resulted in [illegible] Hooper is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hooper of this borough.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Pound of Flesh Story.

Eleven different versions of the pound of flesh story exist in the early literature of Europe, none of which is founded on a historical basis save one related by the biographer of Pope Sixtus V. The original tale runs as follows: Simon Ceneda, a Jew, enters into a wager with Secchi, a Christian, staking a pound of his flesh against a large sum of money of the Christian. The Jew loses the wager, and Secchi insists on his forfeit. The case is referred to the governor of the city, who in turn places it before the pope, who condemns both to lifelong imprisonment, from which they are finally released on the payment of a heavy fine. An Italian, Giovanni Fiorentino, in the sixteenth century was the first to change the roles of the Jew and Christian, and in this altered form the bard of Avon found the story. The poet himself could scarcely have known any Jews personally, since they were expelled from England 300 years before his time and were not readmitted until after his death. [illegible]

[illegible] will eat up in this way. Afterward you will [illegible]

"The poppy is another dangerous flower. A young woman of a nervous temperament, if she lingers among a bed of poppies, will grow drowsy, the same as if she had smoked a pipe or two of opium. In Asia Minor, where the opium manufacturers cultivate vast fields of poppies, tourists inspecting the beautiful flowers often become altogether incapacitated. They get so sleepy they can hardly talk. They reel in their gait. In some cases they have to be put in bed."—Boston Advertiser.

The Lobster's Claws.

If you take the trouble when you [illegible] a lobster [illegible] the claws you will observe that each [illegible]

The Editor's Gentleman.

[illegible] What is a gentleman? Some say he is a man with a silk hat and others a man with a smooth tongue. But men connected with the newspaper trade have a view of their own.

"Mr. Editor," said a [illegible], "you never call on me to pay [illegible]."

"No," said the man of types; "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed!" the patron replied. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?"

"Why," said Mr. Editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."—London Mail.

Old Forks.

A London jeweler has made a collection of ancient forks used in England which show some little known facts about the table manners of a few centuries ago. The forks, which are of solid silver, date from the sixteenth century. In many cases the designs in all this time have scarcely varied in any detail, and the forks look like those which might be bought today. The old forks were a great luxury in their time and were only used by the aristocracy.

Poor Woman.

Mrs. Gidday—I thought you were entirely satisfied with your hat. Mrs. Dresser—So I was until my husband got the bill. Mrs. Gidday—Oh, why should his growling worry you? Mrs. Dresser—But that was the trouble. He didn't growl at all, showing that I might easily have got a more expensive one.—Philadelphia Press.

Good Comfort.

The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.—George Eliot.

Discretion.

Mrs. [illegible]—Why can't you stay at home this evening, George? Your employer can get along without you. George—I know it, but I don't want him to find it out.

Knows Everything.

Mayme—What a gossip Mrs. Gadby is! Edith—Yes, indeed. I never tell her anything without finding out that she has already told it herself.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It is astonishing how much time some people have to spare for the supervision of other people's business and how well they do it—in their minds.—Binghamton Press.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Value of Fresh Air.

In the museum connected with the Edinburgh university is an exhibit that is a striking object lesson of the value of fresh air. A professor has secured the lungs of an Eskimo, a Londoner and a coal miner. He has had them preserved by chemical process, and they are now side by side in a glass case. The Eskimo's lungs are pure white, the Londoner's lungs are a dirty brown, and the coal miner's lungs are jet black. The Eskimo had kept his lungs clean not because he knew more about breathing than the Londoner or the coal miner, but because he lived in a land of snow fields and spent his time in the open air.

When the Hand Is Kissed.

In Germany and Austria the custom still prevails among the upper classes of society of the men kissing the hands of the ladies, although the practice has been abandoned in England, Scandinavia, Spain, etc., as well as in France, except among certain of the members of the ancient regime in the Faubourg St. Germain at Paris. In Austria [illegible]

[illegible] the Golden Ball.

[illegible] Many [illegible]. Finally an aged man came. He appeared before him with a large jar on his shoulders. "Your father," he said, "borrowed a jar like this full of gold from my father and said that you would repay the gold to his son." "Impossible!" said the sultan. "If the story be true," replied the pilgrim, "pay your father's debt; if impossible, I have won the golden ball." The sultan at once awarded him the prize.

Not In His Line.

"He seems disgusted with life."

"I should think he would."

"Why?"

"He's an undertaker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mind Reading.

Phibbs—I suppose you think I'm a jackass? Butt—I say, you want to stop selling dry goods and go into the clairvoyant business.—Boston Transcript.

You will never be [illegible] if you do more to gain an enemy than to serve a friend.—Bulwer.

He [illegible] never made [illegible] who suffers it.—[illegible]

Christmas and New Year's Greeting to our many friends and customers.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

For enjoying your feasts buy

WALNUTS
MIXED NUTS
NAVEL ORANGES
CANDY

Our stock of fancy groceries was never so complete as now and I solicit a share of your trade.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes.

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

BEAUTIFUL Christmas Gifts

I have a display of beautiful and useful Christmas Gifts which excels anything in this line ever shown in Smethport and every article is of the very best quality and is guaranteed to be just as represented.

Diamonds

I have a large number of the best, both unset, beautiful pins, rings and [illegible] etc. This is by far the largest [illegible] ever shown in [illegible]. Most of this stock is bought on approval and therefore the prices are very reasonable.

Watches and Clocks

My stock of watches is unusually large at this time and comprises all the best makes and many of the novelties.

In clocks I have many new designs which make beautiful gifts. I wish to call your especial attention to the new Roycroft designs so popular just now.

Rings, Pins and Buttons

In this line I am well stocked. One of these emblematical of his fraternal society makes an appreciated gift for a gentleman.

Silverware and Cut Glass

My line in these goods is complete and well selected. You will have to see my stock as space forbids description.

Fancy Umbrellas

For holiday gifts I have anticipated your wants and can suit you. See display in west window.

ENGRAVING—All kinds of metal engraving done promptly.

W. J. KERR The JEWELER
MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

MICHAEL MILLER.

JUDGE ORMEROD created quite a sensation in Potter county last week by his charge to the grand jury at the opening of the December term of court. He seems to be of the opinion that the county auditors, the county commissioners, township supervisors and some other township officers have been working the "graft" game to the limit in that county. His charge occupied six columns in the Coudersport papers and deals with poor farm expenses, unequal taxations favoring corporations and bridge contracts. He did not make charges against any particular person or persons, but plainly informed the grand jurors that it was their duty to investigate these matters carefully and make returns accordingly. He cited instances where iron bridges had cost Potter county three times the amount that similar bridges had cost Tioga county and where the assessment valuation on the property of one corporation had been reduced from $360,000 to $60,000. The grand jury is still in session and probably there will be some startling revelations before this reform cyclone blows over.

THE Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League is making a determined effort to have a local option bill passed at the next session of the legislature, and this move is being stubbornly fought by the State Retail Liquor Dealer's Association. The Anti-Saloon League will be backed by the Prohibition party and the retail liquor men will be backed by the wholesale dealers and a lively contest cannot help but follow. The result will be watched with interest. In our opinion much more would be accomplished if the Anti-Saloon League would unite with the Grange in their efforts to pass an anti-treating law, for by so doing they would strike at the root of the liquor evil. It is generally admitted that as long as intoxicating liquors are made men with the habit will get it and the harder it is to get the more they want it and the more they will get and local option cannot stop it. But if the making of drunkards is stopped the saloon will die of its own accord—never to regain life. Ask the victims of strong drink what started their downfall and nine out of every ten will answer "the social glass"—a drink with a party of friends just to be sociable, which is often followed by each member of the party standing treat with the result that one or more become intoxicated for the first time. The next meeting of a jolly crowd is a repetition of the first and so on until some or all of them have acquired the habit so strongly that no local option can break him of this curse—an uncontrollable appetite for liquor. New York state has practically a local option law and no one will make a claim that it is any improvement on Pennsylvania's present liquor laws. No one questions the benefits which would come from the anti-treating law. Enemies of the liquor curse, throw aside petty prejudices and antiquated ideas, get together and for once do something practical for the cause you have so long cherished. Lay aside all others and unite in working for the anti-treating law which is practical and more beneficial than any other that can be passed.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, 1904.

The question of deepest interest to the President and Congress, and discussed by politicians in Washington more than any other, has to do with the proposal to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate freight rates. This proposition also attracts wide attention in the country, especially among all classes of shippers who are dependent upon the railroads to carry their produce to market. Some 3 000 produce and fruit dealers throughout the nation have asked the President to appoint some one in their line of business upon the Commission. Sec. Morton, who has been a railroad man all his life, has promised the President to take up the problem of the supervision of railroad rates, and see what can be accomplished. This may appear a little unusual for the Secretary of the Navy, but Mr. Morton is a man of experience. He believes in the doctrine of consideration of the rights of the people. He says the railroads should not oppose rational government supervision, and that they should cease to manipulate politics and legislation. The President insists that the railroads, as well as other interests, shall have fair play. Reforms of method are needed; there is no war upon railroads, which are recognized as the great civilizers and missionaries of the age. Secy. Morton advocates a central court of interstate commerce with but five judges, instead of nine, as proposed by Senator Elkins. They should have final jurisdiction save in questions requiring constitutional interpretation. He would have all interstate carriers afford cars, tracks and terminal facilities to all shippers alike. The President is seriously in earnest in this, as in other matters, for the welfare of the common people, and it is hoped this session of Congress will not end before some decisive action is taken. There are many Senators who are credited with representing railroad interests, and they are yet to be heard from.

In all directions the Government is making vigorous efforts to protect the people from frauds and unscrupulous advertisers. The Postoffice Department has issued numerous fraud orders, denying the use of the mails to bogus silver ware, piano, get-rich-quick concerns, and work-at-home offers, which prove to be either lotteries or unconscionable fakes. The pure food bill now before Congress, seeks to prevent the importation and sale of adulterated foods and drugs. The extent of this fraud upon the unsuspecting public is alarming. A recent inspection of medicines put up by druggists in Chicago revealed the fact that a very large per cent of them were adulterated. Alcoholic liquors are frightfully impure, with fatal consequences to those who drink them. Food is colored or preserved with substances harmful to the health of human beings.

Land frauds on the Pacific coasts, involving hundreds of thousands of acres, the most extensive ever known in the history of the Interior Department, have for a long time engaged the attention of Secy. Hitchcock. These have been exposed and many persons engaged in them have been punished. The Secretary says the frauds were perpetrated by men of high standing, socially and politically, and that men of prominence in this city and Congress are implicated. Patents have been refused for most of this land; and it has been restored to the public domain. There are now 324 criminal suits pending, and 125 civil. The Secretary promises startling revelations. He is determinedly backed by the president in his efforts to break up the conspiracy and bring the guilty to justice.

Because the overfed horses of Senator Hale shied at a little locomotive, hundreds of underfed sore-shouldered horses must sweat and groan as they haul the dirt from one side of the United States Capitol to the other. The little locomotive was doing the work quickly and painlessly, and had been doing it all summer until the senator from Maine returned to Washington. His high stepping horses showed a little alarm. Nobody was hurt. But the Senator angrily had the iron steed removed and overloading, stalling, falling and beating of horses are resumed on Capitol hill.

Again the dreadful cotton ball weevil invades the halls of Congress. It is now asserted that in five years it has eaten up $80,000,000 worth of cotton; that it now requires more land to produce a bale; that it has destroyed the credit of the small farmer; that it is driving the negro laborer from the cotton districts; and that in Texas for the past five years the crop has decreased annually. A quarter of a million of dollars is asked for with which to conduct a campaign against the weevil. Mr. Roberts of Massachussetts wants $200,000 to help exterminate the gypsy and brown tail moth in his state. Secy. Wilson opposes this on the ground that Massachussetts should do this work at her own expense. Mr. Roberts wishes to know why the same rule is not applied to Texas? Possibly Congress will make a grant of $15,000 to enable some of the Government entomologists to discover what they can find out about the moths.

Secretary Taft has returned to town safe and sound, from his arbitration visit to Panama, and told the whole story of his success in clearing away misunderstandings on the part of the new Republic, to the President while dining with him. There is nothing now in the way of building the canal, save the solution of some difficult engineering feats, the labor question and the climate. It is proposed to carry on the operation of excavating the canal under electric lights at night. This will hasten the work, and enable it to be prosecuted with greater comfort on the part of the laborers. The Secretary says 3,000 laborers can be employed at once, and on his way home he visited Jamaica with a view to securing efficient labor from that island.

BRINGING JOY

to all is the special mission of Santa Claus. He wants to see everybody happy. But he needs your help and you need ours. Don't run the risk of spending a poor Christmas on account of

Poor Plumbing

Send for us right away and have us go over your house. We will put the plumbing in apple pie order. We will do it quickly too and keep out of the way of the women folks as much as possible. What did you say your number was?

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

OUR FURNITURE DEPARTMENT IS THE WONDER OF SOUTHWESTERN NEW YORK, THE PLACE TO BUY CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BELL'S---The Ideal Christmas Store.

The last week before Christmas produces some of the greatest bargains "Olean's Big Store" has ever offered, during this last week our New York buyer has picked up from importers and manufacturers, who were anxious to unload, great stocks of Holiday Goods, way below regular cost. All of these and more must be closed out before the store closes on Christmas Eve, hence the big reductions on Toys, Games, Books, ete. Basement--Cloaks, Suits, Furs, etc., in fact nearly every Department has some extra bargain for this last week.

It is worth the trip to Olean just to see the great stocks and low prices.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

The elaborate display of

HOLIDAY GOODS

AT McCOY'S DRUG STORE

consisting of all the late novelties such as DAINTY BOOKS, POEMS, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, DIARIES, CALENDARS, beautifully bound.

If you want your heart filled with the love of Christmas don't fail to call in here. For sure SANTA CLAUS has left us the best.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

Christmas Advice

For something fine and beautiful buy HAWKE'S CUT GLASS. It is the standard of two continents. Our hand-painted China is done by a professional artist—nothing amatuer about it.

For the gentlemen's stockings—pipes, cards, dice, poker chips, checkers, dominoes, cigar holders, handsome military sets. We keep only the best quality. You cannot get better prices in the city.

Toilet sets, fine perfumes, stationery, gold fish, leather goods, rubber goods. Order cut flowers through us. We can please you.

L. K. HOGARTH

Oldest drug store in the county.
Established 1865 by Hogarth & Secuns.

CHRISTMAS
Will Soon Be Here

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year—"it's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief. Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down this list. You will certainly strike something HE would be delighted to have.

Overcoat
Smoking Jacket
Gloves
Night Robe
Shirts
Hosiery
Muffler
Rain Coat
Shirt Protector
Handkerchiefs
Etc., Etc.

Neckwear
Suspenders
Suit
Bath Robe
Collars, Cuffs
Cap
Umbrella
White Vest
Suit Case
Sweater
Etc., Etc.

When Christmas shopping I will be pleased to have you come here with your troubles and we'll fix "him" out,

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Double Purple Trading Stamps

Will be given at store of D. C. Young until January 1, 1905, if stamps and premiums hold out. After that I do not expect to give any more stamps. I only have a few one book premiums and have not succeeded in getting any more. My reason for giving Double Stamps is to enable those who are trying to get a one book premium to get a two book premium for the same price, which is quite an extra expense to me, but will not cost my customers any more. I have several valuable premiums which can be secured by combining books.

My stock of goods is complete in every line and prices are right. Come early, avoid the rush and take your choice.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

December 1, 1904.

Holiday Groceries.

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

Have just returned from New York where I purchased a very large line of Holiday Goods, as well as the most correct novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, belts, girdles, fancy combs and many other goods that comprise Ladies Furnishings. Do not fail to see my Japannse Goods, especially Vantine's: Sachet, Talcum Powder and Soaps.

M. L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

LOOKING FOR HOLIDAY FURNITURE?

"See Sloan First."

His stock is always complete and up-to-date.

Special attention given to out of town customers. When in Bradford look me up.

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big [illegible]

XMAS NEWS

AT THE LINDHOLM CO.'S STORE.

THREE BUSY DAYS

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

But we will with an additional force of clerks be able to accomodate all very promptly. Our Santa Claus Department on Second Floor is more popular these last days than ever when people find that our prices are right.

A Few Suggestions for Staple Holiday Gifts for Men and Women.

FOR MEN	FOR WOMEN
New Neckwear	Smoking Jackets
Gloves	Neckwear
Belts	Mufflers
Bags	Gloves
Opera Shawls	Shoes
Waist Patterns	Slippers
Golf Gloves	Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas	Fancy Shirts
Brooches	Umbrellas
Lockets	Cuff & Collar Boxes
Rings	Smoking Sets
Furs	Pipe Racks
Coats	Cuff Links
Waists	Scarf Pins
Sofa Pillows	President Suspenders in
Handkerchiefs	Fancy Boxes
Shoes	Sweaters
Slippers	Silver Match Boxes
Sweaters	
Jersey Leggins	

See Our 10c Pictures, Second Floor.

The Lindholm Company

LET US MAKE THIS A CHINA CHRISTMAS.

Redfield has an unusually pleasing line of China this year. Remember there is nothing you could give which would be more pleasing to your mother, wife or sweetheart than a dainty piece of China. His Hand Painted China is very pretty being painted by world renowned artists and is perfect in every detail. He also has a particularly nice line of Dinner Sets in the American and English Ware at remarkably low prices. See his complete assortment of Holiday Goods before it is broken.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—Are you getting ready to swear off?

—Why don't our board of trade get busy?

—Monday being a legal holiday the stores will be closed.

—Henry Brandt is seriously ill at his home on King street.

—It is reported that Galeton is to have a trolley line in the near future.

—H. C. Wells is confined to his home on Cemetery street with tonsilitis.

—This office will be closed on Monday, it being legally Christmas day.

—Culhane, Chace & Weston's Minstrels at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—The Northwestern Firemen's Association will hold its annual convention in Bradford on Aug. 8-11, 1905.

—When looking for a good school inquire of the Edinboro Normal. Winter session begins Jan. 3d, 1905. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the attraction at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening and pleased a fair sized audience.

—Another Italian was brought from Kane last Friday morning and lodged in jail, charged with attempting to kill a fellow countryman.

—The Culhane, Chace & Weston's Minstrels at the Lyceum Saturday evening. This aggregation is well spoken of by exchanges and should draw a good house.

—Mrs. Cassie Chadwick's career is to be put upon the stage in the form of a drama. The drama has been written by H. N. Niemeyer and will be played in New York shortly after Christmas.

—Jimmy Britt of San Francisco defeated "Battling" Nelson of Chicago at San Francisco Tuesday evening after 20 rounds of hard fighting. Neither was knocked out but the decision was given to Britt.

—Lawrence Hopper, Sr., slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk on Main street last Saturday morning bruising his hip quite badly. He was taken to the home of his son in a sleigh and, owing to his advanced age, is improving slowly.

—S. S. Bullis of Olean and General Superintendent A. B. Campbell of the B., B. & K. Ry. were in town yesterday. Their visit was in the interest of this railroad but just what they intend doing in the way of changes was not given out.

—A house occupied by B. D. Spencer at Mt. Jewett was destroyed by fire last Sunday afternoon. The building belonged to George Otto of Farmers Valley and was not insured. Spencer's family saved part of the household goods.

—"Just why men and women should desire to kiss is difficult of explanation," says John Mundy of the Coudersport Enterprise, and John has been married less than a year. How he must have changed since entering upon the life of a benedict.

—A number of our exchanges have recently published lists of Christmas gifts for the assistance of their subscribers while shopping and at the same time we will bet those editors are having just as much trouble as anyone else selecting suitable gifts for their friends.

—In its criminal court notes the Mt. Jewett Herald says: "Kreboy was found guilty and sentenced to undergo imprisonment in the county jail for a period of three months, and pay costs of prosecution—seemingly a very light sentence for attempting the life of a human being." This is just a mistake as Kreboy's sentence was six years and nine months—three months less than the limit.

—The postoffice at Force, a station on the Shawmut railroad, was broken into Sunday morning between 2 and 3 o'clock and postage stamps were stolen amounting to $21.72, and two or three registered letters. The barber shop next door was entered and four razors and one pair of shears taken.

—T. H. Purtle has received the appointment to a government position in Washington and will leave here the first of the year to enter upon his duties. We are unable to learn the nature of this appointment but we extend congratulations to Mr. Purtle. Mrs. Purtle will conduct the laundry business until it can be disposed of.

—Alpheus Hazen had his right hand badly cut last Monday morning. He was handling a large glass cylinder when it bursted, cutting a gash about two and one-half inches long and to the bone in the fleshy part of the palm of his hand. Dr. Clark dressed the wound and although he will be laid up for some time no permanent injury is expected to result.

—At All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, the Christmas Sunday school festival will be held on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th, at 3:30 p. m. There will be a short service with carols, followed by distribution of gifts to the children from the decorated Christmas tree. On Christmas a conveyance will leave King's Corners at 7:30 a. m. to bring communicants to the 8:00 a. m. service at St. Luke's, returning at 8:40, after the service.

—A scarcity of water prevails in many sections at present and unless a breakup occurs soon a water famine will be prevalent. Many towns in this immediate vicinity are suffering now. So far Smethport has had a full supply of water but as the small streams which feed the reservoir are about all frozen it is urgent that all unnecessary use of water be refrained from. By a strict adherence to this request we may prevent a famine.

—The members of Potter County Pomona Grange, No. 54, have passed resolutions asking the Legislature of the State to pass a law prohibiting any form of treating at the bar. This is a step in the right direction to abolish drunkenness and if the temperance societies and the Prohibition party would put their best efforts in co-operation with the grange more would be accomplished in a short time in the cause of temperance than has ever been done. We firmly believe that the treating habit starts more young men on the way to a drunkard's life than all other things combined.

—William H. Harper, a Westfield grocer, poured kerosene oil over a dog which he discovered stealing a ham in the rear of the store, set fire to the oil and tried to kick the animal into the street. Wild with pain, the dog turned and ran into a warehouse near the store. In one end of the warehouse was a large gasoline tank and other inflammable goods, and the dog, all ablaze, ran thither. Harper finally succeeded in dragging the animal out, but not until his hands were badly burned. The dog dragged himself away before anyone could put him out of his misery. Harper's cruelty should be rewarded by a term in prison.—Exchange.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Toys! Toys!

The cheapest and most durable line of iron toys. Special prices. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

A new bunch of Edison gold moulded records just in, including Christmas carols and all the latest song and band hits. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. John Forrest visited Mt. Jewett last Thursday.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove was in town Monday.

Guy B. Mayo is a business visitor in Buffalo to-day.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays had business in Kane on Monday.

Robert Hilton had business in Bradford the first of the week.

A. M. Thamm of Bradford was a visitor in town Friday evening.

Roy Truman of Brookville is a guest at the home of Dr. E. R. Baker.

E. R. Sherman and Thomas Fennerty of Bradford had business in town to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar were guests of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Hon. Thos. A. Morrison and daughter, Mrs. S. E. Bell, have returned from Philadelphia.

Ward Weaver, who has been attending school in Chicago for the past year, is home for a visit.

Supt. A. B. Campbell of the B., B. & K. R. R. was over from Bradford yesterday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove were in attendance at the funeral of Geo. R. Brownell Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup and Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett were in town Monday to attend the funeral of Geo. R. Brownell.

Miss Della Merwin, who has been employed as head trimmer for Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark & Co., left Monday for Erie, Pa., where she is visiting her brother.

Frank Purtle, who has been playing cornet with the Uncle Hez Co., returned home Monday evening, the band and orchestra of that organization having disbanded.

For Sale.

I will sell my half interest in the Palmer & Vickery livery stable at a reasonable price for cash or approved paper. Inquire of F. J. VIMMERY, Smethport, Pa.

I will buy all kinds of junk, rags, old rubbers, old iron, old rope, etc., paying the highest cash prices for same. Call on or address J. ODESSER, at Hackett house, East Street, Smethport, Pa.

The most complete line of "Rochester" nickel ware in town. You should see our line of baking and chafing dishes. Holmes & Gilfillan.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Saturday, December 24

THE BIG BOOM

Culhane, Chace & Weston's

BIG CITY

MINSTRELS

Direction of WILL E. CULHANE.

25 FAMOUS STARS 25

8 FUNNY ENDMEN 8

10 COMEDIANS 10

10 DANCERS 10

BIG DOUBLE QUARTETTE

8 BIG NOVELTY ACTS IN OUR CHALLENGE OLIO 8

MAGNIFICENT SCENIC FIRST PART.

SOLO ORCHESTRA

MILITARY BAND

Touring in our own Pullman, Dining and Sleeping Car.

THE BIGGEST. THE BEST.

Reserved Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Pharmacy.

Prices 25, 35 and 50c

Our Christmas Goods

Are now ready. The whole store is overflowing with things appropriate and useful for Christmas gifts.

You will see the latest novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, Belts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Stamped Linens, Fancy Boxes, Dolls and Notions.

Our stock of Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Furs, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Corsets, Underwear, etc., is large.

Now is the time to prepare yourself for the winter.

Just received a new line of Kimonas and Dressing Sacques in the popular fleece down goods.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

Is getting ready for the

HOLIDAYS

As usual Santa Claus will be in full bloom at his store.

Call and See the Display.

BANNER PATTERNS 10 and 15c

FRY & COMES

MONARCH SHIRT $1.00 and $1.50

Dry Goods, Carpets, Men's Furnishings

HOLIDAY GOODS

It's a difficult task to select all of the Christmas gifts to one's satisfaction. There's always the present for this one or that one that we find hard to get to our notion.

Use the list we print. It concerns the stock of which we have particularly large assortments and uncommonly good values. It will, we trust, suggest a way over the difficult places.

Blankets

Cotton fleeced and wool goods in white and colors 38c to $7.50

Bed Spreads

Fringed or hemmed, plain or cut corners 85c to $4.75

Linens

Handsome patterns and extra values in sets and yard goods with napkins to match Sets $6.50 to $7.00

Yard goods, 25c to $1.50

Towels

Damask, Huck, Turkish and "Rub Dry" 25c to $1.00

Dress Goods

A dress pattern would certainly please the wife. All colors and grades. 25c to $1.50 yd.

Silks

A complete assortment of colored and black silks in Taffeta, peau de soie and peau de cygne. 50c to $1.50 yd.

Gloves

All sorts in yarn and leather for ladies, misses and Children. 25c to $1.50

Neckwear and Belts

We never had such pretty things as now 10c to $1.50

Umbrellas

Always acceptable. Ours are the the "Baltimore Maid" and have detachable handles. Fully guaranteed. $2.50 to $10.00

Furs

They make a handsome gift for ladies and children. We have most every sort and color that's fashionable. 50c to $27.00

Men's Furnishings

It's hard to buy presents for men. Our gents' department will help you. We have the new things in neckwear, gloves, suspenders, umbrellas, mufflers, cuff buttons, scarf pins, etc. 25c to $2.75

Rugs

A very practical Gift 65c to $9.00

Pictures

You will find an excellent lot of framed pictures in the basement. 10c to $3.00

Toys and Games

These are in the basement. We are sure the change will please you. It relieves the congestion on the main floor and affords a better display. There's a great lot of them and certainly sufficient variety. 5c to $3.75

Dolls

The best lot we've ever had and we really think better values than you will get elsewhere. 25c to $2.75

FRY & COMES

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR USEFUL GIFTS?

Then let us offer you a few seasonable suggestions.

Considering all points after carefully inspecting the makers' samples we have selected the celebrated

"ROCHESTER" WARE

as embodying all that is good in material, quality and workmanship.

WE HAVE A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT

of remembrances, the kind sensible gift givers are looking for this season, gifts that are

USEFUL, SERVICEABLE AND SUBSTANTIAL

All copper, nickel-plated tea and coffee pots, tea kettles and five o'clock tea kettles, cream pitchers, sugar bowls, spoons, holders, baking and chafing dishes, cake, bread and fruit trays.

We have also added a complete line of "ROCHESTER" ARGENTINE WARE, the new ware suitable for table use and for gifts. Does not tarnish like silver; easily cleaned. Every piece warranted. Now is the time and this is the place to make your selections. Come early and often.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing your Christmas gifts.

DIAMONDS

Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES

All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

Hawkes' Cut Glass,

Genuine Bronzes,

Silk Umbrellas,

Beautiful Opera Glasses

BELL PHONE 473. BELL PHONE 473.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

ONE MORNING'S WORK

By BEATRICE FINLEY

Copyright, [illegible], by K. M. Whitehead

"Madame is out," said the girl in the porcelain blue linen as she rose a trifle uncertainly from the chair behind the white manicuring table.

"Oh, I'm sure you will do it just as well," said the man, looking at her with frank, almost boyish, admiration.

"But I am—er—only a beginner," said the girl in blue, trying hard not to smile, "and I might hurt you."

The man threw back his head and laughed until the little French curtains at the open windows fairly shook.

"I don't believe you could hurt a flea, let alone a big husky chap like me; besides, I've—I've got to get out of here pretty soon."

"Well, then," [illegible] she said, motioning him to a chair by the table, "and excuse me while I get things ready."

In a few minutes [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]. Gerald Wilson watched her every move with interest. He had already discovered that her dress and her eyes were exactly the same color.

"I thought I'd come around early," he explained, "before the place gets crowded."

She nodded. "I'm kept always busy, too," she said, then caught herself suddenly. "I mean we like customers to come early because it doesn't pay to keep many girls down here, and yet when people do come in they all want to be waited on at once."

"You must have to work pretty hard," said Wilson, looking at her rosy tipped fingers.

"Yes," said the girl, "although many girls envy me and do not believe that I work at all. My—my hours are long."

Wilson was dabbling his fingers in the scented water.

"I read something in the paper once about how you pretty manicuring girls sometimes marry into the rich families. I expect you all want to come to these summer resorts."

She [illegible] his hand and said in a [illegible] voice: "Well, some of us don't want to marry [illegible] sons of rich families [illegible] well."

The [illegible]

"That [illegible] they [illegible] or a [illegible] with [illegible] nal round of [illegible] ganis, [illegible] do things."

The girl looked [illegible] sharply [illegible] here [illegible] to spend it [illegible]

"Oh, [illegible]," said Wilson [illegible] chiefly, "[illegible] what [illegible] New York. Their fathers [illegible] If their fathers [illegible] fathers [illegible] fortune and [illegible] come that [illegible] biles [illegible] silk stockings."

"I [illegible] you [illegible] died," [illegible] but [illegible] was serious. He [illegible] confidential.

"I did not mind telling you," he said, "that I [illegible] my hands [illegible] er—well [illegible] around [illegible]. You [illegible] man [illegible] never even went in for society in Chicago, but just as soon as I left college I struck out for the zinc fields in Missouri, and I've stuck there ever since. You don't keep up with the styles when you are developing zinc mines."

"Have you struck it rich?" said the girl, looking up at him with a laugh.

"Well, we have a pretty good thing of it," said Wilson. "But it doesn't mean so much to me as it does to Mr. Van Twiller."

The girl dropped her file, and it took both of them to find it in the folds of her pretty morning gown. Then she went to work again.

"Mr. Van Twiller does not need any more money"—

"Humph! A New York man never gets enough, and I understand he wants to buy a good old English title for a pretty daughter of his, and I suppose the biggest part of his money will go into the title."

Her face was flushing now. "I do not think Miss Van Twiller is for sale."

The man looked at her curiously. "Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes, very well; she comes here very often."

"Well, I haven't seen her yet. I came up on the late boat last night with Mr. Van Twiller, and, between you and me, when we got up to that palace of his and I saw people in the parlor and [illegible] party [illegible] to wear [illegible] thought [illegible] ducks [illegible] and that was all I brought besides the business suit I wore, so I just wired back to town for [illegible] suit, and I bet it will [illegible] tonight or there will be something doing when I get back to [illegible] hotel in New York. I may have come out of the zinc mines, but I am not playing the 'David Harum' act before Van Twiller's crowd."

A shadow fell on the door. A stout, smartly clad woman paused in the doorway. She almost gasped at sight of the couple at the table. "Oh, Miss"—

The girl threw her a warning glance, but she could not stem the tide of apology.

"I would not have this happen for the world!" The newcomer was visibly distressed. The girl looked up at her with calm, smiling eyes.

"Oh, I'm doing very well, madame!"

"Yes, she hasn't cut me once," said Wilson. "I do not believe you could have done it better yourself."

He half swung around to face Mme. Langeret, and, behind his back, the girl raised her finger to her lip in a gesture of silence.

"Very well," said madame in a voice which was not entirely steady, "as you please." Then she entered the curtained alcove, murmuring to herself, "But if any one should come in just now—la, la, what a scandal it would be!"

But no one did come in, and the girl worked on while the man told her of his struggles to hold a property which threatened to pan out, of the hours of discouragement, relieved only by the companionship of books, and of the final success, and of his modest hopes for the future. "You know I do not care for a whole heap of money," he said. "I'd like to travel a bit in Europe, to always have the books I wanted to read, the pictures I like best about me, and enough money to keep the one woman in the world [illegible] happy."

"Have you found the right woman yet?"

"No." Then he looked [illegible] at her bowed head [illegible]

"Do you think you will find her here at Newport?"

"Maybe, dear."

Then he pulled himself up with a shake and asked questions of her. Where would the Van Twillers probably take him that day? What must he wear at the casino? When did folks at Newport have time to sleep? And she told him everything, from the style of canvas shoes he had to buy at once to the number of courses and the wines he would have at the Lanson dinner, where he would probably go with the Van Twillers that night. But at last his hands were finished. Even the charmed Wilson could not claim that the girl was a rapid worker.

The girl handed his money to madame, and, taking up her parasol, said in a low voice: "I think my hands will have to go this morning. We are having some people to breakfast."

She walked back to the little table carrying her parasol behind her in one hand. Wilson was looking curiously at his highly polished nails. He had never visited a manicuring shop before. As she stopped beside him he [illegible] his hand [illegible] and drew out [illegible] of western [illegible] dollar [illegible] table [illegible] for all [illegible]

"I [illegible] me [illegible]"

"Are you [illegible] Mr. Twiller's [illegible]"

He nodded his head.

"Well, [illegible]"

"[illegible]," replied Wilson.

"Yes, [illegible] Van Twiller."

Gerald Wilson sat down [illegible]. He started [illegible]

"Miss [illegible] Van Twiller [illegible]" [illegible] picked up the [illegible].

"I want to keep this. It is the first [illegible] I ever earned. [illegible] You see madame is the best in her line, but whenever my maid becomes careless with my hands I come to her early in the morning. Come, we will be late for breakfast."

She keeps it on her dressing table now, a silver dollar, highly polished, with his initials on one side and hers on the other, and, though she once declared that Ida Van Twiller was not for sale, her husband declares he won her with that dollar.

Of More Consequence.

A wise old negro lately listened in silence to a discussion on the divers social claims to distinction of several educated men and women of his race. The members of one family boasted of descent from wealthy merchants in the West Indies; others claimed kinship with a well known negro politician; still others asserted that their ancestors never had been slaves, but always were free.

At last the old man spoke:

"Chillun," said he, with a rap of his cane, "I dunno nothin' 'bout yo' ancestry, as you call it, but I do know that when I use' to spend weeks in de maple woods a-bilin' down de sap, when master he come an' [illegible] de row ob kettles, he never say, 'Uncle George, how high was de tree dat dis come out ob?' or [illegible] 'What is de tree dat dis come out ob?' but just, 'What kind ob sugar is it?'"—Chums.

Two Old Men.

A certain clergyman, a man of about sixty-six, looks older than he really is, a fact of which he loves to be reminded.

At a small rural station an aged and bent farmer, panting violently, boarded the train.

"I have had to run," he said, "nearly half a mile to catch this train."

Then, addressing himself to the clergyman, he went on:

"It's a bad job, sir, when old folks like you and me has to run."

The clergyman, frowning, asked the farmer how old he was.

"I'm eighty-six," was the reply.

"Oh," said the clergyman, "there is twenty years' difference between you and me."

"Goodness, sir," exclaimed the old man, "you don't mean to tell me you're 100?"—London Globe.

HEROISM IN ANIMALS.

It Is Not More Uncommon Than Is Brute Maternal Affection.

A writer on natural history complains that men are prone to regard masculine courage in defense of others as a virtue purely human. In reality self sacrifice for the female sex or for the young is part of the scheme of nature, and every male thing is strong and splendid in appearance because he is the descendant of those who have proudly held and guarded "the privilege of death." Another writer tells a story which illustrates this point. Two entomologists, hunting at night, clambered over a gate with their swinging lanterns and found themselves in a field filled with sheep. The result of their coming was panic and a furious stampede. The sheep charged helter skelter away from the lanterns and huddled together at the far end of the field. But there was a ram among them, and as the flock scurried away this creature stood firm, covering the retreat. Then, steadily and majestically, the huge ram advanced, with lowered head, toward the mysterious lights and pressed them back to the gate. There is only one graphic story of [illegible] that might be told of masculine courage throughout [illegible]. Man has some virtues which animals [illegible] heroism [illegible] of [illegible] the flock is [illegible] feeling.

A WOMAN'S NAME.

Origin of the Custom of Changing It When She Marries.

The custom which makes it proper for the wife to assume the name of her husband at marriage is involved in much obscurity. A recent authority advances the opinion that it originated from a Roman custom and became common after the Roman occupation of England. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times the married women of most European countries signed their names in the same way, but omitted the "of." In spite of this theory it is a fact that as late as the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century a Catherine Parr signed her name without any change, though she had been twice married. We also hear of Lady Jane Grey, not Dudley, and Arabella Stuart, not Seymour, etc. Some think that the custom originated with the Scriptural idea that the husband and wife are one. [illegible] as early as 1298 [illegible] the case of [illegible] Smith [illegible] woman [illegible] marriage [illegible] legally [illegible]—New York Record.

WINDMILLS.

Europe Got Them From the East Through the Crusaders.

It is supposed that the crusaders brought the idea of using the wind to grind corn or raise water back with them from the East.

Early writers record their [illegible] in England in the twelfth century. [illegible] gives an instance of [illegible] Northamptonshire, in 1143, and we also read of one about 1191 at [illegible] in Suffolk. Another early instance of an English windmill is that in which Richard, earl of Cornwall, took refuge after the battle of Lewes in 1264. In the famous song connected with that event the "sayles" of the "mulne" are mentioned, showing that it really was a windmill.

The oldest windmill in Belgium and probably the oldest in Europe, the historic "Grand Moulin de Silly," was totally destroyed by the great storm at the end of January, 1902, after a continuous existence since the eleventh century. It is said to have been built by Otto von Trazegnies, the crusading lord of Silly, in 1011.—London Standard.

A Humorous English Sheriff.

A sheriff with a fine sense of humor was he who, having been reproved by the judge of a certain court for presenting a jury not sufficiently respectable, read out at the subsequent session the following list, with a suitable emphasis upon the last names of the jurors: Max King, Henry Prince, George Duke, William Marquis, Edward Earl, Richard Lord, Richard Baron, Edmund Knight, Peter Esquire, George Gentleman, Robert Yeoman, Stephen Pope, Humphrey Cardinal, William Bishop, John Abbot, Richard Friar, Henry Monk, Edward Priest and Richard Deacon. After the laughter had subsided the presiding judge, accepting the joke in good part, complimented the witty sheriff upon his cleverness.—London Star.

Apple Eating.

A good ripe raw apple is one of the easiest substances for the stomach to manage, and while the apple is worth more as a health giver in its natural state it is also exceedingly wholesome cooked. Apple sauce eaten with pork assists in the digestion of the meat, and many persons who cannot eat pork without discomfort can do so if accompanied with plenty of well cooked apple sauce not too sweet.

Liquid Quarts.

Willie—Pa, how many quarts does it take to make a peck? Pa—It all depends, my son. Less than one quart, for instance, will sometimes make a "peck of trouble."—Exchange.

Children like fun, but they care little for it in books. An uncle on his hands and knees is worth all the written words of the humorists.—T. P. O'Connor.

CARRYING MONEY.

The Wide Difference There Is in Men In This Particular.

"Did you notice," said a man to a friend with whom he was dining, "that young fellow at the next table who just left? He reminded me of the difference there is in people when it comes to carrying money. That youth had a roll of bills as big as his arm, and he wanted everybody to see them, although he made believe to hide them. They were mostly ones and fives. His check was 40 cents, but he paid with a five. Then when he ordered a cigar out came the accumulation of a lifetime again, and he handed the waiter another five. If he has his [illegible] he'll break a five dollar bill and keep on until he has nothing but ones and twos. He likes to give folks the impression that his capital is enormous, although it isn't, judging from his appearance. Then there's the man who always has $500 or $600 in his pocket, but it's in an inside pocket and it's in big denominations—fifties and hundreds. [illegible] shows any real money. He has small bills handy for ordinary use, but he doesn't intend to be [illegible]. There's [illegible] argument with [illegible]. Many a good [illegible] carry [illegible] money to [illegible] through [illegible] day. [illegible] for a [illegible] crumpled [illegible] in every pocket. It's [illegible] twisted and deformed, and [illegible] shape that you can't count it unless you smooth it over with a hot flatiron. Others fold their money neatly. There are all kinds, but as a rule the chap who pulls out a bloated collection of dollar bills [illegible] every penny he has. In the [illegible] he'll have many hours [illegible] unless he's careful."—Providence Journal.

CAPTURING A HUSBAND.

A Bold and Dashing Lady Was the Mother of Robert Bruce.

Many a marriage suggests to an irreverent curiosity the question, "Did the woman propose it?" But one seldom finds actual historic proof that she did. A recent delightful book on Scotland has an interesting and apparently authentic story of a case where the woman not only took the initiative, but took it in a high handed fashion.

The young countess of Carrick was left a widow by the death of her husband, who was one of the crusaders. The king became her guardian, and she had good reason to fear that he would [illegible] her a marriage [illegible]. [illegible] one day [illegible] young [illegible] to whom she was [illegible] him with [illegible] but [illegible] the [illegible]

At a word from her [illegible] to Turnberry castle.

Two weeks' imprisonment brought him to a better sense of the charms of his fair hostess, and [illegible] were wedded with the [illegible] consent of [illegible]

The son of this [illegible] marriage was Robert Bruce, whose splendid patriotism and [illegible] his mother's [illegible]

The Old Fashioned Wife.

A pretty young married woman said to a friend the other day: "Mary is such an old fashioned wife. She has such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declines all invitations unless he is included and never under any circumstances is away from home when he returns at night.

"Then she always gets up to breakfast with him, and even goes so far as to prepare certain favorite dishes for him instead of leaving such fussiness to the cook. She does not go away in the summer until he is able to go, too, and, in fact, she fusses over him in the most absurd fashion."

After the pretty creature had vanished to join a party of friends at dinner a reflective mood stole over the friend, and she thought how much better it would be if there were more old fashioned wives.

The Tarantula.

Tarantulas are plentiful in the rough, broken country in the southern part of California. They are repulsive looking creatures, with fat, dainty bodies, over plentiful wiry legs and cruel poison mandibles. They stay in their burrows during the dry season, but as soon as the rains begin they sally forth. The tarantula constructs a very skillful burrow and nest in the ground. It has a cover so nicely fitted that it can scarcely be detected from the surrounding soil. The cover opens and shuts upon a hinge, and on the inside are holes into which the tarantula thrusts its mandibles and thus holds its fort against invaders.

Business Is Business.

Aunt Jane—Did Mr. Sweeter propose last evening? Carrie—How did you happen to guess it? Yes, and I'm going to take out a policy for $1,000. Aunt Jane—For mercy's sake, what do you mean? Carrie—Well, you see, he began to make love to me, but the chance to get a new applicant was so strong he couldn't resist. He's a life insurance solicitor, you know.—Boston Transcript.

The Judge at Repartee.

"Did you ever try any of our whisky, judge?" asked the dealer.

"No," replied the judge, "but I tried a man today who had."—Judge.

In Yucatan there are no fewer than sixty-two ruined and abandoned cities.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—[illegible], Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—T. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Cronin, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. [illegible], Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtiss.
Auditors—[illegible] Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—[illegible]
Council—[illegible]
[illegible]
High Constable—Andrew [illegible]
School Directors—[illegible]
Collector—[illegible]
Assessor—F. H. [illegible]
Auditors—[illegible]
Judge of Election—[illegible]
Inspectors of Election—[illegible] A. Swanson, [illegible] H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. [illegible], W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

W. [illegible], N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 277, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
W. M. [illegible], Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

[illegible], Com.
[illegible], Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. [illegible] GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE [illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets [illegible] of each month [illegible]

Z. E. GIFFORD, M. W.
[illegible] C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 6, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. [illegible], Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Bruce Hive, No. 28, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

[illegible], Com.
[illegible], R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. [illegible] Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets [illegible]

MRS. [illegible], Pres.
MRS. MARY [illegible], Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible], Pres.
[illegible], Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. [illegible], O. E. S.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 4:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. [illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days ... 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north:
Train 123, week days ... 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sunday) Baltimore 7:2[illegible] a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. / Lv.		Ar. P. M.
2:25	Ridgway	11:40
2:10	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:50	Glen Hazel	11:15
3:07	Straight	11:01
[illegible]	Instanter	10:55
[illegible]	Smith's Run	10:50
[illegible]	Wood vale	10:46
[illegible]	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:[illegible] a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie [illegible] and at Ridgway with train [illegible], leaving Ridgway [illegible] for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at [illegible] for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. [illegible] Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, [illegible] Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in effect [illegible] Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for [illegible], Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny, and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:00 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturday only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction [illegible]

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points daily except Sunday at [illegible] saturday special arrives from Bradford [illegible]

For tickets and further information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport.

H. H. [illegible], Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. R. [illegible], Gen'l Supt., Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May [illegible]

[illegible]

Trains arrive [illegible]—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. [illegible] p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

B. F. MARONEY, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv. Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.0[illegible]
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.[illegible]
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.16
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.31
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4[illegible]
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.13	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.03	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	[illegible]	Chum. Wrks	o	[illegible]	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation wherever the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

A Christmas Deal

By FREDERIC TREAT.

It was Christmas eve at the Eyrie, the country seat of the Martins, set on a pinnacle in the hills. The place had been opened for the holidays, and the family, with a number of guests, formed a delightful "house party." To-night general merrymaking was in order. In the hall before the great open fireplace, in which logs were blazing, sat Edith Martin with Ralph Arnold, a recent arrival from the west who had been devoted to her since they had first met, a week before.

"You are not in harmony with the occasion," *he said to her.* "Instead of a happy Christmas look on your face there is a troubled one."

She drew back for a moment as if withholding a confidence, then suddenly let it all out.

"I must tell you," she said, "but you are not to breathe a word to any one. He is coming by the train that arrives at 11:40 and will be here at 12. He must go back to the city early tomorrow on important business, and"—here she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I am to accept him before this gay night is over."

"Who is he?"

"John Trotter, *dealer in foreign laces,* a thorough business man and rich. Papa has lost a great deal of money by

THE DOOR OPENED AND MR. TROTTER ENTERED.

the shrinkage in stocks, and Mr. Trotter is going to help him over, so much to enable him to hold what he has till the market rises again."

"And the bonus is your hand?"

"That's very near the truth."

"The contract is to be signed at 12 midnight?"

"I have promised that if Mr. Trotter will come up this evening I will give him my answer."

"It will be yes?"

"It must be yes."

"That is, if he arrives."

"If he doesn't I shall have to nerve myself anew on another occasion."

"How much money is he to loan your father?"

"Papa said it was something like half a million."

"I think they might have left you to spend this Christmas happily. How miserable it is to be poor! If I were rich I might save you this sacrifice, and"— He paused reflectively.

"You wouldn't charge any bonus," She was looking very steadily at the leaping flames.

"Oh, the bonus! It wouldn't be any kindness to you to take you out of the frying pan and put you into the fire."

"I'd rather burn on a gridiron than sizzle in a pan."

The young man sat toying with his watch chain. Had the girl looked at him she would have seen that the expression on his face was not in keeping with the unemotional tones of his voice.

"If he fails to arrive on time and it is possible for you to jump into the fire, will you do so?"

"There is no fire to jump into."

There was another pause. The logs were crackling; the fire was sending a genial warmth and light through the paneled hall. From the rooms adjoining came shouts of laughter as some one was caught and kissed under the mistletoe.

"I am a promoter," said Arnold presently. "It is my business to secure funds for carrying out enterprises. Suppose I could get this loan for your father?"

They were speaking very deliberately—so deliberately that one might have thought they were two people of business making a bargain.

"At the same interest he will pay Mr. Trotter?" she asked.

"How much is that?"

"Now I think of it, I heard papa say 4 per cent."

"That would be satisfactory."

Miss Martin may have been considering the matter of interest. At any rate, it was some time before she reached the next step.

"The bonus?" she asked under her breath.

"That would depend upon whether you would rather 'burn' than 'fry,' or, rather, whether you prefer neither to burn nor fry."

"It would not be fair to withhold the bonus. Nevertheless if it were a burden instead of a blessing"—

He did not help her out. Instead he took out his watch and noted the hour. It was five minutes to 12.

"It is understood and agreed," he said, "that if the party of the first part doesn't show up when the clock strikes 12 the party of the second part shall consider herself released from signing the contract and will make the same arrangement with the party of the third part—that in lieu of the sum of half a million dollars at 4 per cent interest"—

"The bonus?" She was losing her business equanimity, tapping her foot on the lion skin beneath it. *There remained* only a few minutes to 12, and the party of the first part might walk in at any moment.

"The bonus shall be optional."

"With whom?"

"The party of the second part."

"But the party of *the third part*?"

"Will only accept it entire. The heart must go with the hand."

"It's a bargain," she said, extending her hand, which he grasped. At the same moment the clock at the other end of the hall began to strike the hour. It was an old fashioned timekeeper with enormous weights and wheezed out its arithmetic strokes with provoking slowness. The pair sat motionless, their clasped hands concealed under a fold of the lady's dress, their eyes turned upon the front door. Each stroke brought them nearer to a consummation of their bargain. At the fourth there was *a tinkle of the* electric doorbell. At the eighth a servant passed the couple on his way to open the front door. Arnold put out his foot, and the man went sprawling on the floor. At the eleventh stroke the servant was on his feet and rubbing his shins. At the twelfth he proceeded on his way. There was a pressure *between the two concealed hands.* In another moment the door opened and Mr. Trotter entered.

But what entered with him? Christmas morning. Twenty such mornings had come in the lifetime of Edith Martin, but none that brought her such relief and at the same time such happiness as this one. Instead of being obliged to sacrifice herself to save her father she had accepted a man whom the first moment she saw him she knew to be the man she could love.

Ralph Arnold was indeed a promoter and had made a fortune in organizing gold mines. The day after Christmas he telegraphed *his acceptance of an offer* he had had for his principal mine and loaned the proceeds to Mr. Martin, who in six months regained all he had lost. Mrs. Ralph Arnold on last Christmas eve, sitting before a blazing fire beside her eldest daughter, now sixteen, told her the story of her Christmas deal.

Christmas Service In Stable.

At Santa Cruz, Cal., there is an old Spanish church in which the people worship only on Christmas eve. Externally it looks like a stable and has no chandelier. The floor and walls are of stone, and on the eastern side there is a manger looking through the bars of which one sees the scenes of the Nativity, with the towers of castles and palaces in the distance. In the foreground the Virgin sits by the manger, holding the Infant Saviour, with St. Joseph leaning over her and the wise men offering sheep, oxen and various precious gifts. Outside this exterior stable there are figures of men carrying sheep and calves on their shoulders, hastening to the sacred scene. In this chapel worshipers remain all night on their knees. This manger side of the church is against the east wall, high upon which is the only window in the edifice, so that the first rays of the morning sun irradiate the scenes of the Nativity. The rays lend a roseate glow, and as soon as this reaches the worshipers they leave the church, light cigarettes and begin their festivities.

A Christmas Game.

A Yuletide version of the donkey party is played thus: On a sheet sketch or paste a design of a Christmas tree. Have each branch of the tree terminate in a circle containing a number, using the numbers from one to ten or one to twenty-five, according to the size of the tree. Each person playing is blindfolded in turn and is given a rosette with which he must "decorate the tree." Each person aims to pin his or her rosette on or near to the highest number of the tree. Each competitor has three trials, the three numbers to which he pins nearest being written down to his credit by the hostess, who keeps tally. The one whose three numbers added together gives the largest sum total wins the first prize.

The Day of Hope.

The day of the Nativity is the day of hope—the day of hope to the struggling conscience of man; to the human nature which is uplifted in Christ and made partaker of God; to the families of men who believe that sacred human love is not given to perish with the earth, but in Christ is destined to some eternal purpose; to all who labor and pray for the coming of a kingdom where God shall reign in men, and men shall live in peace and good will, where

The war drum shall throb no longer and
the battleflags be furl'd
In the parliament of man, the federation
of the world.

—Right Rev. Davis Sessums, Bishop of Louisiana.

Limited.

"Does you feel thankful dis Chris'mus?"

"Dess middlin'. Providence gimme a good appetite, but he stopped right dar!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Christmas.

A chandelier,
A mistletoe,
A lover near,
A maid below;
A scuffle dear,
A kiss or so,
And that is Christmas, don't you know?
—Eliot Kays Stone in Lippincott's.

Long Afore I Knowed

JES' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
Ust to almost cry for Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell;
Easter Sunday, circus day—jes' all dead in the shell.
I ust, though—at night, you know—to set around and hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer,
And Santy shootin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzz—
Long afore
I knowed who
Santy Claus wuz.

UST to wait and set up late a week or two ahead;
Couldn't hardly keep awake ner wouldn't go to bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire and mother settin' here
Darnin' socks and rockin' in the skreeky rockin' cheer;
Pap'd gap' and wunder where it wuz the money went
And quar'l with his frost-bit heels and spill his liniment,
And me a-dreamin' sleighbells when the clock 'd whir and buzz,
Long afore
I knowed who
Santy Claus wuz.

SIZE the fireplace up and figger how Old Santy could
Manage to come down the chimbly like they said he would;
Wisht that I could hide and see him—wundered what he'd say
If he ketched a feller layin' fer him that away.
But I bet on him, and liked him, same as if he had
Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look here, my lad,
Here's my pack—jes' he'p yourself, like all good boys does."
Long afore
I knowed who
Santy Claus wuz.

WISHT that yarn wuz true about him, as it 'peared to be—
Truth made out o' lies, that un's good enough fer me!
Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's like the little child
Climbin' in my lap tonight and beggin' me to tell
'Bout them reindeers and Old Santy that she loves so well.
I'm half sorry for this little girl sweetheart of his
Long afore
She knows who
Santy Claus is.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Plum Pudding.

One pound of grated bread, one and a quarter pounds of grated suet, one pound of raisins, one pound of brown sugar, twelve eggs well beaten, two wineglassfuls of brandy, one-quarter pound of citron, cut fine. Mix all these the night before. In the morning before putting it in the cloth stir two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, beat, the cloth and sprinkle with flour. Tie tightly and boil four hours. Put a plate turned on the under part in the pot under the pudding. Add cinnamon and nutmeg if liked.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

A Youthful Schemer.

Little Emerson—You don't believe in any such ridiculous myth as Santa Claus?

Tough Jimmy—Naw! I'm next to dat game. All de same, it's a good *graft* to let on you believe in him an' git all dat's comin' to you.

Let Her Pass.

The mistletoe above the door
Expectant swains were viewing.
A maid passed through, but she was more
Than thirty. Nothin' doing!
—Philadelphia Press.

Their Christmas Presents.

Papa—I am afraid that I shall not be able to get the children any Christmas presents this year.

Mamma—Oh, John!

Papa—Well, it isn't my fault. I have tried my very best to open their banks.—Brooklyn Life.

His Plaint.

The Christmas cynic's here again
To irritate the soul.
He says that he gets neckties when
He needs a ton of coal.

An Insuperable Objection.

"I would like to give myself to you as a Christmas present," said young Poore to Miss Rocks.

"Papa does not allow me to receive expensive presents from young men," replied the maiden.—Town Topics.

Vanishing Pomp.

How worldly pride kin pass away,
I's takin' fon my tex'.
What is a Christmas tree one day
Is kindlin' wood de nex'.
—Washington Star.

A Friendship Christmas.

Eustacia—What shall we do this Christmas?

Edmonia—You give me back all the things I've given you that you didn't like, and I'll give you all the things you gave me that I didn't like.—Detroit Free Press.

The Foresighted Shopper.

With Christmas near I'm not distressed
With thoughts of what to buy;
No gifts to seek, my soul's at rest—
I bought them last July.

A CHRISTMAS GAMBLE

ETHEL WARRINGTON

Copyright, 1903, by Ethel Warrington.

Fishing up crumbs from the bottom of several pockets, I scraped together enough tobacco to roll a cigarette and, lighting it, puffed grateful wreaths, inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. Hunger for food is bad enough in its way, but, honestly, up to a certain point, say *twenty-four hours,* I had *rather* go without food than without tobacco. But on this Christmas day the twenty-four limit on eating had passed some hours before, and just then I wanted food worse than I did tobacco.

Of course there was a chance of *ringing in* at one of the *free feeds* which the Salvation Army give the poor on Christmas, but some one would be sure to ask questions about my clothes, and, despite my hunger, I had a good measure of pride about me yet. If the worst came to the very worst, I

"I HAD WON."

could go to a pawnshop and exchange my suit of clothes for one of poorer quality and get *a dollar or two to boot.* But if I expected to get back on my feet the clothes were necessary to help me put up a "good front," and I was resolved to wait a few hours more before I made the plunge. I was waiting on the corner of the square, puffing reflectively at my cigarette and eying the warmth and light of the restaurant *across the way enviously.* I did not have on an overcoat, but the weather was not so bitterly cold but that this omission might be overlooked, and the rest of my clothes were fairly presentable.

With this in mind it occurred to me that *I might step boldly* into the restaurant, order a luxurious dinner, eat it, confess that I could not pay for it and take the consequences. It might get me into jail, but there were worse fates than spending a time in the city prison, and the morality of the act I never called into question. The motto of the hungry man is to fill his stomach, and I felt that I could make the restaurateur's loss good at some future time.

"Can you oblige me with a light?"

I turned and saw a middle aged man behind me, with an unlighted but half consumed cigar between his fingers, and managed to fish up a match for him.

"Thanks," he said monosyllabically, puffing away. He did not move on, but continued to scrutinize me very closely. I paid no attention to him, but continued to smoke.

"Waiting for some one?" he asked politely enough.

"No," said I coldly.

"Broke?"

I looked at him again, and, angered by his curiosity and his readiness in guessing my true state, I answered sharply that it was none of his business whether I was broke or not.

"Then you are broke?"

"Yes, if the knowledge will do you any good. I don't want any help from you."

"Hungry?"

"Will you kindly go to blazes?" I answered.

"Needn't get mad about it. Fellow feeling ought to make you more tolerant. I'm hungry too."

"The mischief you are!" said I, astonished. *His* clothes were fairly *good,* but I noticed that he wore neither watch chain nor scarfpin and leaped to the conclusion that he, like myself, was trying to keep up a "good front" in the hope of better days. "You must pardon me for my brusqueness," I added. "You see, I had no idea you and I were in the same boat and thought maybe you were *going to offer me charity.*"

"Wouldn't accept charity, eh? Well, you are right; it is galling. But how far would you go to get a square meal?"

"Just this side of the penitentiary," I answered, briefly and to the point.

The answer seemed to please him, for he chuckled and said:

"Mind taking a gambler's chance at the penitentiary?"

"No; I will take a chance at anything," I answered.

Then he unfolded to me a plan. Both of us being pretty well dressed, we could enter the restaurant and order dinner without arousing suspicion. This we would do, *and after* eating our dinner in leisure we would toss a coin—no, not a coin, for neither of us had a coin, but we would draw toothpicks or straws or something—to decide who *was to pay for the meal.* The winner would get up and bid goodby to his friend, whom he would leave with the check and the prospect of the "pen." Of course the thing was hardly honest, but I can only plead that I was very hungry indeed. We went in.

Of all the dinners I have ever eaten in my life I think I enjoyed that one most. We turned up our noses at the regular table d'hote and ordered lavishly from the card, beginning with a clear soup and working down to the coffee by gradual and thoroughly delightful stages. We did not go in heavily for wines, but contented ourselves each with a modest pint of a fine old burgundy that when opened perfumed all its surroundings with the delicious aroma of its long imprisoned southern sunshine. As I ordered it I noticed that the waiter's "Bien, monsieur," was more heartfelt than usual and that his *respect for me had risen* immensely. It cost just a little more than double the price of champagne, but that did not weigh with either of us. We were like multimillionaires in one respect—we could not afford to deny ourselves anything we fancied.

We did not carry on much conversation, as the dinner was a solemn affair, but my companion led me out a little on my past record and my prospects for the future. I told him the truth—that I had come to New York with high hopes of establishing myself in the practice of a consulting engineer; that I had met with some success in the *practical part of my profession* in the west, but that my fame did not seem to have reached New York, and that, dollar by dollar, I had seen all of my little capital eaten up in the expenses of living. Pride had made me keep up the fight. Of himself my companion *told nothing.*

The old song says that "the best of friends must part." Everything comes to an end, and by and by we could eat no more. In unspoken desire to postpone the inevitable we lingered long over coffee and then over brandy and a couple of excellent cigars. It was pitch dark by now, and from where we were sitting we could see the trees of the square standing up as long black shadows and the lights of numberless hansoms patrolling Fifth avenue.

Then we looked at each other, and my new found acquaintance took two toothpicks in his hand, broke the end off one of them, shuffled them together and extended his hand toward me, the even ends of the toothpicks just showing. At random I chose one; he opened the hand, and I had won.

The waiter had watched the whole proceeding in some little amusement and was hovering in the neighborhood with the check; therefore I could not show *my relief.* But I could not help looking my friend squarely in the eye and noting that he was a game loser. Not by the quiver of a lash did he betoken anything amiss.

"I guess I'll have to pay this," he said quietly. "What's your hurry? Think I'll sit here and smoke a fresh cigar."

It was very *well* done, but I said something about having an engagement at the Waldorf and waved aside the waiter's offer to call me a cab. At the door I turned around to catch one more glimpse at my late vis-a-vis. He was laughing and beckoned me to come back. I went out of curiosity.

"Here, Pierre," he called to the waiter, "you know me, don't you?"

"Certainement, monsieur. Vous etes M. Gramercy."

"And I am good for the price of a dinner or two?"

"Mais, oui, monsieur; a thousand times."

"Then, for goodness' sake, young man, sit down!" he said, motioning me to my chair. "Do you know who I am now?"

I had seen his picture *often* enough in the newspapers and elsewhere. I do not know why I had not recognized him at first, since he was Dorothy's uncle and well known to the general public because of his wealth and eccentricities, though I had never seen him before in the flesh.

"Young man," he said, "I like your gameness. You never turned a hair when we drew straws, or, rather, toothpicks, to see which of us was going to the penitentiary. I think you will do. I seem to have heard your name before somewhere."

"I have the honor to be engaged to your niece," I said quietly.

"Exactly. Well, you can't very well get married until you get a job of some kind, so I suppose you might as well go to work for me. A young man with your nerve can always be made useful. Pierre, you will find my auto on the Broadway side. Have it brought around to the Twenty-sixth street entrance. My friend is going home with me."

Some Curious Heaven Ideas.

The natives of Botocudes, one of the hottest regions of the earth, believe that heaven will be a land of cool streams and shady groves entirely cleared of all underbrush and cactii. All desert dwellers, it is said, die expecting to awake in a wooded land supplied bountifully with cold water. You will remember, if you have ever read books of arctic travel, that all natives of the frozen north have paradise pictured as a land of warm sunshine, with glowing fires overhung with pots of boiling whale's blubber and easeful couches of fur scattered here and there.

The Caroline islanders, who are passionately fond of liquor, but who are in mortal dread of breaking their necks by falling from one of the millions of cliffs with which their islands abound, believe that paradise will be a land as level as a floor, where one can get drunk and not be in constant dread of cracking his cervical vertebrae.

THE MYSTIC MISTLETOE.

Once a Feature of Pagan Rites, It Now Belongs to Lovers.

From time immemorial the white berried mistletoe has played a leading part in Yuletide festivities, though it has not always conveyed the osculatory privileges which give it its value in the eyes of the romantic youth of today. Like so many other features of the Christmas celebration, mistletoe has been borrowed from the pagans of antiquity and Christianized by the lapse of centuries. The Persians before the birth of Christ used the mistletoe in their sacred rites, and in parts *of India pagan priests still incorporate* it in their ritual. It figures largely in Scandinavian mythology. Baldur, the son of Odin, though a demigod, was slain by a spear of mistletoe, a proof of its magic powers.

It is from the Druids of old England, however, that mistletoe *has come* to us. The Druidical priests, sprung, it is said, from the magi of the east, the wise men who worshiped at the cradle of the infant Saviour, held the mistletoe as their most sacred possession, and the cutting of the pretty parasite from the oak, the tree which the Druids claimed God loved more than any other, was attended with the greatest solemnity. On the Druids' festival day a grand procession, leading two white oxen, moved to the mystic grove. There the oxen were fastened to the oak by their horns, and a white robed priest climbed into the leafless branches and cut the bunches of mistletoe with a golden knife. The oxen were then sacrificed and religious services performed, after which the procession returned to the temple in the forest and the mistletoe was deposited in the Druidical arcanum.

Besides taking its place in the religious observances of the Druids, the mistletoe, which the priests gave a name meaning "all healing," was made into many curious decoctions by processes in which times and seasons and incantations were supposed to add to its mysterious powers. These medicines were regarded as cures for human ills generally, whether of mind or body.

With the advance of civilization and the death of superstition mistletoe has lost its religious character, but not its popularity, and the forests of England and of our own southern states are as eagerly frequented by mistletoe gatherers as ever were the dark woods of the ancient Druids.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

One Day When There Are Neither Rich Nor Poor.

If you were in Sweden on Christmas eve you would hear the church bells begin to ring at 5 o'clock, for everybody stops work then and the festivities begin in great earnest everywhere in the kingdom. Class distinctions are forgotten and servants are allowed to sit at table with the family. After supper comes the universal Christmas tree, for Sweden is one of the early homes of this beautiful custom.

On Christmas morning at 6 o'clock, while it is still dark, you would go to church, for everybody goes, unless you stayed at home to mind the lights in the house, for every home in the kingdom is illuminated. There is almost sure to be a deep snow, and you would go to church in a sleigh. Behind every sleigh you would see two boys standing on the runners and holding pine torches, a beautiful spectacle as a long procession of sleighs glides over the snow on a forest road. These torches are stuck up in a circle around the church. A whole week is given to good cheer and hospitality.

A Friendship Calendar.

A friendship calendar as a Christmas gift was a source of much pleasure to an elderly lady living alone, says Good Housekeeping. At her request each one of fifty-two of her friends, representing the fifty-two weeks of the year, furnished material for every day of the seven in his week. Each one followed out his own idea for the week's calendar, contributing favorite quotations, short poems, anecdotes and reminiscences, some even adding cherished recipes. In many instances the contributions were original. Others were illustrated with small pictures cut from current magazines. The result was a perpetual calendar, each day representing the loving thought of a friend.

A Christmas Game.

"Christmas candles" is a good old time game. A lighted candle is placed upon a table. The player is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it. He's then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then to walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out. His attempt to do so will probably be as amusing to the audience as disconcerting to himself.—Country Life In America.

The Line Drawn.

Ethel—What do you intend to give me for Christmas?

Bertie—Would a kiss answer?

Ethel (with sarcasm)—No, indeed! Mamma never allows me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen.

Vacancy.

There's Christmas smiling in the sky,
There's Christmas in the trees,
There's Christmas in the streets near by,
There's Christmas in the breeze.

It's Christmas, Christmas everywhere,
No matter where you look,
Save when you gaze with mild despair
Into your pocketbook.
—Washington Star.

Christmas Bills.

The Christmas bills
Give dad the chills;
He'll never climb
The heavenly hills
Nor wear the angels'
Wings an' frills
Because o' them
Same Christmas bills!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the NEWS

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! Simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE AMATEUR IN SPORTS.

He Is One Who Plays Only For the Pleasure of Playing.

An amateur is one who plays for pleasure only. He can play with whom he pleases, so long as he plays for pleasure alone. He may play with or against a team which is being paid or playing for gate money. He may play with professionals or against them. There is no reason why an amateur should not play in any company he pleases so long as he enjoys it, provided he plays only for that reason. The professional is one who engages in athletics for a livelihood. This, however, would not make a professional baseball player a professional tennis player. Experience has taught that, as a rule, men who are playing for a livelihood—that is, for money—place a small value on pleasure and are ready to mar the game by quarreling, trickery or unfair dealing. It is only when the professional hurts the pleasure of the game that he is objectionable. This is not the distinction perceived by our makers of rules, who have been so absorbed in the money, summer baseball and summer board question that they failed to notice how rapidly they were creating in the amateur world all the unpleasant characteristics of the professional, the most notable of which is quarrelsomeness and making a business of it all.

The colleges for their athletic intercourse need only the common rule that an amateur is one who has received no compensation for his athletic skill, that those who have received such compensation are professionals and that professionals are barred. With all subscribing to this simple rule and living up to it only an agreement to meet annually each year for a certain period would be further needed.—Outing.

THE MEALS FOR POETS.

English Breakfast Parties Early In the Last Century.

The breakfast party became fashionable in the early decades of the last century, Samuel Rogers being one of the principal hosts. Round his table gathered all the wits and celebrities of the day. At his house in St. James place Byron and Moore first came together "over a mess of potatoes and vinegar." It was in his dining room that Erskine told the story of his first brief and Grattan that of his last duel, while the Iron Duke described Waterloo as a "battle of giants." Rogers asked people, it was currently reported, by way of probation for dinner, but his breakfast parties were more social than his dinners, which, comparatively speaking, were affairs of necessity or form. His invitation notes were models of penmanship and conciseness. "Will you breakfast with me tomorrow?—S. R." was the pithy invitation to a celebrated wit. "Won't I?" was the congenial response. He was fond of quoting Rousseau's profession of un gout fin pour les dejeuners, the time of the day when we are quietest and talk most at our ease. Greville in his "Memoirs" notes one of these breakfasts in 1831. "Sydney Smith, Luttrell, John Russell and Moore excessively agreeable. I never heard anything more entertaining than Sydney Smith—such bursts of merriment and so dramatic! Breakfasts are the meals for poets. I met Wordsworth and Southey at breakfast. Rogers' are always agreeable."—Chambers' Journal.

Codd's Curious Defenses.

An interesting book might be written on the subject of "Curious Defenses."

One excellent instance is supplied here in what was known as "Codd's Puzzle." Codd was defending a client accused of stealing a duck. He set up seven defenses: (1) The accused bought the duck and paid for it; (2) he found it; (3) it was given to him; (4) it flew into his garden; (5) it was put in his pocket while he slept. Six and seven are not recorded, but an amicus curiae suggested that there never was any duck at all. The accused was acquitted, not "because they chose any particular defense, but because they did not know which to choose, and they gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt."—Spectator.

The Hygienic Value of Sunday.

Sunday is not only a religious but a hygienic institution. It is beneficent in its uses, *morally and physically*. How workers should best spend the Sunday is still a moot question, but that it should be a time of soul refreshment and recreation, a moment, as Miss Corelli expresses it, "for standing and taking breath on the threshold of another week," a season for thought, for intellectual enjoyment, for the solace of nature and the admiration of its wonders and beauty, no sensible person will be likely to deny. Whether motoring or card playing is the best way to attain these ends must be left to each individual's judgment.—Lady Violet Greville in London Graphic.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tourist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SON'S, Rondout, N. Y. $1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1827

DENTON, COTTIER & DANIELS

269-271 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

1827 PIANOS 1904

WE present for your inspection our 77th annnal offering of artistic pianos for the Holidays.

For months these instruments have been in the skilled artisans' hands. Every care that could be devised has been lavished on them and now they're here, ready for you to look at, to admire, and to listen to their beautiful tones.

From our most modest priced piano to the matchless Steinway every one is reliable; you can depend on them to give satisfaction for a lifetime.

Reliability with us does not mean high prices. The immense volume of our business enables us to secure values unknown to the ordinary dealer, and quality considered, our prices are lower than you will find elsewhere.

You are invited to call and inspect our stock. Spend as much time as you wish. You will not be urged to purchase.

You owe it to yourself to at least visit our store and examine our matchless collection of pianos before making this important purchase.

Write for Cat. and Prices--Small Payments Accepted

STEINWAY PIANOS

KRAKAUER PIANOS

MERRILL PIANOS

Smith & Barnes PIANOS

Ludwig PIANOS

BURDETT ORGANS

VOSE PIANOS

A. B. CHASE PIANOS

Kranich & Bach PIANOS

LAFAYETTE PIANOS

Price & Teeple PIANOS

VOCALION ORGANS

POPULAR MUSIC

Per Copy 15c Postage 1c.

Alexander Teasing
Goodbye, Little Girl
Sweetest Girl in Dixie
Why Don't They Play With Me
Assembly March, Troubadour.
Silks and Satins
Colonial Medley
Fishing
Her Boy in Blue
Kisses Bit of Blarney
Heart's Desire Waltzes and many others.

The Cecilian

The Perfect Piano Player

STANDARD MUSIC

Per Copy 5c Postage 1c.

April Smiles
Monastery Bells
Jolly Fellows' Waltz
Flatterer
Maiden's Prayer
Mendelssohn's Spring Song
Minuet Paderewski
Franzesu March
Remember Me
May Has Come
Orange Blossom Waltz
Mendelssohn's Wedding March
Shubert's Serenade and many others.

Don't Care to Spend Much Money?

And yet you want to dress well for the holidays or buy an Xmas present for a friend. A visit to our store will point the way to the right goods at the right price.

Elegantly Tailored Suits and Overcoats.

The "R. & W." 52-inch Belt Back Rain Proof Coat.

Gloves, Caps, Hats and Umbrellas.

Walk Over Shoes

Fine Flannel and Madras Shirts.

Magnificent line of Sweaters, Ties, Mufflers and Suspenders in handsome single boxes and many other useful and sensible articles.

WM. MONHEIMER

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY, NO. 15, FEB. TERM, 1905.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR THOMAS STEELE.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters or other kin of the said Thomas Steele, Take Notice:—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Thomas Steele, a weak minded person and who is now a charge upon the McKean County Poor District, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 27th day of December, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m.

SAMUEL E. BELL,
Prothonotary.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY, NO. 14, FEB. TERM, 1905.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR MICHAEL MILLER.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters or other kin of the said Michael Miller, Take Notice:—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Michael Miller, a weak minded person and who if now a charge upon the McKean County Poor District, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 27th day of December, A. D., 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m.

SAMUEL E. BELL,
Prothonotary.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, John Wells Voorhees of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 12th day of January, 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK

Main St. — Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

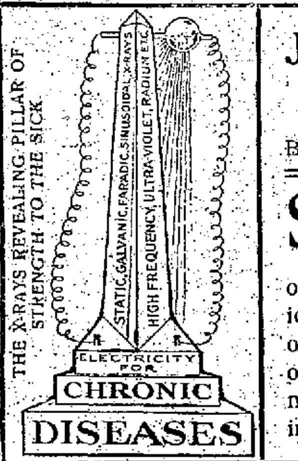
DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.


THE X-RAYS REVEALING PILLAR OF STRENGTH TO THE SICK
STATIC, GALVANIC, FARADIC, SINUSOIDAL, X-RAYS
HIGH FREQUENCY, ULTRA-VIOLET, RADIUM ETC.
ELECTRICITY FOR
CHRONIC
DISEASES

J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES
A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

Brasted's Line of Xmas Candies is very fine. Get prices

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest.

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of *Hamlin & Forrest* (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.